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Original Poetry.

THE POET'S GRAVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

'Twas in a sunny forest-nook,
With flowers and moss o'ergrown;
Where naught was heard save the bees' low hum,
Or wild wind's liquid tone,
They laid the gentle bard to rest,
When life's wild dream was o'er,—
When the lyre he touched with magic power,
Gave forth its notes no more.

They laid him there when sunset's beam
Yet lingered on the hill;
But the heart that leaped at that bright hour,
In death's long sleep was still!
Sadly they heaped the mossy mould
Above his fair young form;
Forever closed his glancing eye,
And cold his breast so warm.

The elm's long boughs droop o'er the turf,
Like mourners weeping by;
And there in Spring, the violet first
Looks up with mild, blue eye.
And when the forests in the garb
Of summer, proudly wave,
A thousand low, sweet melodies,
Float mournful 'round his grave.

A holy calm breathes o'er the spot,—
The trees dark shadows fling,
Save when, thro' twining boughs, quick gleams
The wild bird's flashing wing;
There, when the sunset's glow decays,
Bright forms with sunny hair
Glide slowly thro' the voiceless aisles,
Then fade in twilight air.

Original Novel.

THE SOUTHERN WHIG; A Romance of the AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE OLD LOYALIST," "LEAVES FROM A LAWYER'S PORT FOLIO," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XI.

"They saw their injured country's woe;
The flaming town, the wasted field;
Then rush'd to meet the insulting foe;
They took the spear—but left the shield."
Philip Freneau.

Winter had passed away; spring had come and died with its flowers; summer had yellowed the harvest fields and departed; and now autumn, with its golden purity, its sunny skies, and all its glories were at hand. Months had passed since the events recorded in our last chapter. And with the change of time came change of scene.

Yorktown was invested. Cornwallis, after his vain boast that he would drive Lafayette from Virginia, had found himself no match for his younger opponents, but had been compelled to retire upon his present position, and surrender all hopes of carrying out the designs he had conceived, after the capture of Charlestown, of overrunning the southern States, so that, even in the event of a peace, the latter should not be included in the new republic. The scheme, at one time, had seemed not only feasible, but nearly certain of success, and the hopes of the friends of freedom had sunk in consequence; but that Providence who rules over the destinies of nations had determined otherwise. Simultaneous with the disconcertion of the plans of Cornwallis, the battle of Eutaw Springs had been gained by Greene, and the persevering Carolinians were driving their invaders, step by step, from their soil. Charleston still remained in the hands of the enemy, but he was rapidly losing his hold in the upper country. The prospect brightened.

Early in August Washington had given up his intentions on New York, chiefly on account of the unwillingness of Count de Grasse to venture into the bay with his fleet, and, turning his attention southward, had, by a rapid march, left the Hudson, crossed the Delaware, reached the head of Elk, and sat down before Yorktown with the allied army, the fleet of the French admiral blockading the place from the sea. The siege had already progressed. A second parallel had been opened. Breaches had been made. It was determined to assault the two redoubts which were now the chief obstacles to the assailants. The storming of one had been confided to a detachment commanded by Colonel Hamilton, while the other was to be attacked by a body of picked infantry from the French allies.

Among the forlorn hope of Hamilton two men were remarkable. One was still in the prime of youth, but an air of deep dejection was visible on his face, as if already he had tasted the bitter draught of sorrow. The other seemed his follower, and in his careless, easy air the reader might recognise an old acquaintance, Eph. His companion was Somers. The latter had used some influence to obtain permission to serve as a volunteer on the storming party, and the former, on learning this resolution, had determined on following his friend and master.

Somers had not returned to the southern army. Various circumstances had produced this; but perhaps the most prominent was his unwillingness to revisit a section of the country where he would be likely to meet or even hear of Eveline. Now that his love was hopeless, he felt that his peace of mind required that he should be removed from the influence of every association that might remind him of her; for, where one deeply but hopelessly loves, the only cure is to separate him forever from all mention of the loved one's name. Somers had been employed on various important services; had acted as a brevet captain in the dragoons; had filled the post of aid-de-camp to General Lafayette; and had striven, by constant action and ever changing scenes to drive Eveline from his thoughts. But, alas! he had not been successful. We may conquer a love conceived and disappointed in boyhood; but the passion of the mature man becomes a part of his being, and often ceases only with his life.

During this period Somers had never heard *from* Eveline. Avoiding all inquiry after her, it was scarcely probable that he could hear of her; but once he had been present at a dinner table when an officer from Carolina had mentioned her name incidentally, in connection with the rumor that she was about to be wedded to a gentleman named Manvers, her cousin, he believed.

"He is a neutral," said the officer; "but suspected of favoring the tories, and there are some dark things connected with the sale of the Trevor estates to this gentleman; and the general impression is that fraud has been exercised in the case, for when Charleston was taken, and South Carolina overrun, it began to be the general talk that Mr. Trevor was to resume his late property, and that indeed the sale was only a *ruse*. The affair has since been hushed up, but it is not forgotten in the proper quarters. However, he is, they say, to marry the daughter, and, from all I can learn, she is an angel."

How these words stung Somers, opening afresh the wound that he had fondly hoped had begun to heal. For days and weeks he endured again his old agonies. In vain he sought in excitement for alleviation; no scene however striking could wholly drive from him the remembrance of what he had lost. Such repinings were unmanly he knew; but the heart is no reasoner; and love rules the affections, not the intellect. At length the siege of Yorktown began, and in the progress of that mighty event he found some consolation, because the interest it awakened in him directed his thoughts in a measure from his disappointment. Whenever a service of peculiar danger was to be performed, he was foremost to volunteer for it; and when the galling fire of the two redoubts rendered it necessary that they should be stormed, he solicited and obtained permission to serve in the forlorn hope. For his whole soul was now engrossed with the desire of a glorious death.

Every preparation for the assault having been made, the troops left their stations and moved silently forward. The moon shone clear on high, throwing a hazy light over the prospect. To the right lay the shipping, half seen across the water; while in front appeared the entrenchments and town of York. A profound stillness reigned with the party of assailants, until they were within a proper distance of the redoubt. Suddenly a rocket shot up on the left, announcing that the French were prepared to attack; and immediately the men dashed forward with fixed bayonets. A few rapid strides brought them to the abbatis and palisades, for whose removal by the sappers they were too impetuous to wait, but clambered over them, and rushed on the foe. A short and desperate conflict ensued. The enemy disputed every inch of ground, but, though the assailants had been ordered to use only the bayonets, they still gained ground, despite the fierce resistance of the British. At length, however, the forces left in charge of the redoubt began to give way. At this crisis an elderly officer stepped to their head, and endeavored to rally them. A dozen bayonets were instantly directed against his breast, and he was on the point of falling a victim to his bravery and loyalty, when Somers, who saw that the officer's efforts had been in vain, and that the enemy were disheartened beyond the probability of further resistance, struck up the bayonets from his breast, exclaiming,

"The day is won, and the redoubt ours. Let us not disgrace ourselves by butchery. Sir," and he turned urbanely to the British officer, "you must see that fortune has gone against you, and, if you will surrender me your sword, I will see that you are protected."

The officer silently resigned his blade, for he was now aware that further resistance was useless; but though he said nothing, he turned, as he was passed to the rear, and gave Somers a look of expressive gratitude. In that look there was something that thrilled his heart, yet why he knew not. Had he seen that face before?

It was some hours before our hero was relieved from the duties that devolved on him after the redoubt had been carried, but when he found himself at leisure, his thoughts naturally turned to the officer he had made a prisoner. Directing his steps to the quarter where the captain had been removed, with the intention of offering to share his own quarters with him, if he should accept the offer of a parole, he found the stranger reading a letter which apparently he had carried about his person. His face was flushed as if with some strong feeling, which expression had not wholly died away, when he rose to greet Somers. The purpose of our hero was soon explained, and his offer courteously accepted.

"But we have not yet been presented to each other," said the officer, as he put his arm within that of his younger acquaintance, "I am Major Trevor."

"Of South Carolina," said Somers starting, "the father of Eveline!"

Major Trevor, in his turn, seemed astonished.

"Do you not rememer me?" said our hero, "I am a son of your old friend Mr. Somers."

The warmth with which the Major grasped his young friend's hand shewed that old memories had not departed from him, and, for a moment, flung a gleam of hope across the heart of Somers.

CHAPTER XII.

"We meet again."

The siege was now pushed with vigor, and the fate of Cornwallis was no longer doubtful. A capitulation was proposed on his part; the commissioners met at Moore's tavern; and it was announced to the world that a second English army had surrendered to the Americans.

During the days that elapsed before the surrender of the royal troops, the duties of Somers afforded him little opportunity of conferring with Major Trevor. The few hours they spent together were employed in conversation on the recollections of the past, both parties studiously avoiding the subject of the civil war, on which it would have been impossible for them to agree. There was another subject on which they were silent. Somers made no inquiries about Eveline, for, feeling that the theme was one on which he dare not trust himself, he resolved, from the first, never even to mention her name. Nor did her father allude to her, except rarely, and then only with a passing remark. It was evident that he knew nothing of the meeting of Eveline and his host at her aunt's during the ensuing winter.

The slight intercourse between Somers and Major Trevor, however, was sufficient to convince each that something preyed on the other's mind. Each forbore to ask questions; but our hero was satisfied that the anxiety of Major Trevor had some relation to the letter he had been reading on the night after his capture. And little did the royalist imagine the true cause that weighed down his young host's spirits.

It was a proud day for the Allies when, agreeably to the terms of the capitulation, the British troops marched out from Yorktown to the field where they were to deposit their arms; and thousands of patriotic hearts beat high at the prospect, which now opened, of a speedy termination of the war. The ceremonies of that day are matter of history, and have been commemorated by painters and poets as well as chroniclers. The dignified bearing of Washington, and the delicacy evinced by all his officers toward the fallen earl and his followers, have ever received the praise of the annalist. From these matters of public notoriety we pass to the events of our more humble story.

It was the day after the capitulation, when Somers having been sent on the road to Williamsburg with a despatch, was returning to camp, when he met a carriage which had broken down, almost at the instant that he was passing it. Hastily dismounting, he hurried to assist the occupant from it, but the instant that the door was opened, he started back at sight of Eveline Trevor. Recovering himself, however, he gave her his hand, and aided her in alighting. She evinced almost as much embarrassment as himself, and trembled perceptibly as she leaned on his arm; for there was a house at a short distance, and thither Somers had mechanically proposed that they should walk. The way was passed in silence, except once when Eveline ventured to ask if her father was well, for, though she had heard of the capitulation, she was without any direct intelligence from her parent. This silence arose on Somers' part, from many causes. From what he had heard, he had no doubt that Eveline was the wife of her cousin, and the explanation of his conduct towards Manvers, on their last meeting, which otherwise he would have hastened to give, he was now too proud to offer. Besides he experienced an embarrassment in his present position of which an hour before, he would have thought himself incapable. Could it be that the mere touch of Eveline's hand upon his arm had power thus to affect him? He felt that he had done wisely in avoiding all mention of her name to her parent, and that hereafter his only safety would lie in avoiding her society. With these feelings he experienced no little relief when they reached the house, and, remarking that he would now return to the carriage and see if he could not hasten its repair by his presence, he was about to depart, when Eveline laid her hands again on his arm, saying,

"Will you delay a moment, Mr. Somers? I have much to say to you, which I should have said ere this. In justice to both of us I ought not let you depart without the explanation I am about to make."

Somers bowed and remained, his hat, however, still in his hand. We will not say he was not curious to hear what Eveline had to say; for his heart throbbed faster in his bosom, nor could he wholly prevent the evidences of his emotion appearing in his face.

"When we last met," said Eveline, "it was under peculiar circumstances; and I believe I spoke warmly—too warmly. We parted in anger, at least not in kindness. And I was the cause of it. Will you forgive me for this?" and she frankly extended her hand. The words and gesture were irresistable; for, as we have before said, no one could emulate the winning frankness of Eveline. Somers was subdued. His pride deserted him; a gush of fondness swept across his heart; and in that moment he felt as if Eveline could lay no task on him which he would not gladly have performed. What a mastery over us has love!

"Forgive you, oh! how willingly. But I acted, in that matter, deliberately, and I will own that your words pained me. Let that pass, however. I might justify myself fully in your eyes perhaps; but I will not. May God bless you," he continued, in deep emotion, "and make your present husband worthy of you. For your sake I wipe off all that he has done against me."

These words were spoken rapidly and almost incoherently; indeed Somers was scarcely aware of their import, but, hurried on by an uncontrollable impulse, had given utterance to them without thought. Eveline crimsoned to her very brow, and again stopped Somers as he was about rushing from the room.

"Stay, Mr. Somers, stay. Your words imply that you think—me—married. It is not so. Nor can I ever be the wife of the person to whom you allude."

The astonishment of Somers can be imagined better than it can be described. He was speechless for a space, during which he gazed in undisguised bewilderment at Eveline. He found words at length.

"Not married to Mr. Manvers—nor ever can be!" he said, as if unconsciously, while his whole face became irradiated.

"Nor ever can be," repeated Eveline more firmly, though the tide of crimson blood suffused her whole countenance. "Whatever may have been the impressions of others, arising from a report which it seems had wide circulation, a union with my cousin was never contemplated by myself." How Somers' heart leapt at these words! Eveline continued—"Circumstances, it is due to you to say, have lately come to my knowledge, which would have precluded all thoughts of such a marriage. In a word, I have learnt how I misrepresented you on the morning of our last interview—and that you had just cause for the indignation which you entertained against Mr. Manvers."

"Bless you for those words," said Somers. Eveline blushed again, and deeper than before, at his ardor. She hastily continued.

"I felt it due to you to acknowledge how I had wronged you. But," and her voice hesitated, "I have one favor to ask of you—do not seek revenge on my cousin. He has deeply injured both my father and myself—now I dare not trust myself to relate—and if we are willing to leave his punishment to Providence, surely you will do the same."

Somers would have agreed to anything in that moment; he, therefore, gave the required promise. How vast the change which a short half hour had worked in his feelings! The gloom of despondency was gone, and hope once more rose in his bosom. Perhaps he would have been hurried into a declaration of his sentiments, had not one of Eveline's servants now appeared at the door and announced that the coach had been repaired, the injury having proved slighter than was at first supposed.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Last scene of all
That ends this strange eventful story."
Shakspeare.

The meeting of Eveline and her father was one of deep emotion; for they had been parted more than a year, during which they had only occasionally heard from each other. It was marked by an even greater display of emotion on the father's part than on that of Eveline, for Major Trevor was overcome by the thought that his daugher would have fallen a sacrifice to the arts of a villain, if it had not been for her own resolution, and her disregard of his expressed wishes, which were almost commands.

We can find no better opportunity for unravelling the mystery which perplexed Somers than the present; and we will do it in the words of Major Trevor to our hero, as he told the story on the morning following Eveline's arrival. The interview between Manvers and Miss Trevor is already known to our readers: this, therefore, we shall omit.

"My unworthy nephew," said the narrator, "returning from the hunt pretended that the party had been attacked by a band of whig refugees, and that he had with difficulty made good his escape; and as this tale was plausibly narrated, and there was no one to contradict it, Eveline and her aunt were forced at length to believe it. It gained confirmation from the absence of both you and your servant; and here Mr. Manvers suggested a reason for that absence, by hinting that you had instigated the attack, and, finding it unsuccessful and dreading an exposure if you returned to Staunton Hall, had concluded to depart with your allies. It was long before either Eveline or her aunt could think so basely of you, but so adroitly and apparently so unwillingly did Mr. Manvers suggest his suspicions that at length their doubts began to give way. Your rencontre with my nephew in the park, and the color given to that transaction by him induced Eveline, for the time, to believe all that her cousin had insinuated against you, though afterwards, when she came to compare your past conduct with this one hasty act, her doubts of the truth of the tale returned in all their force. It was not until a few weeks since, however, that she learnt the baseness of Mr. Manvers.

"The idea of a union between Eveline and my nephew had long been a darling notion with me; for until latterly I have placed the utmost confidence in my sister's son. Still I was unwilling to force Eveline into a union of which she disapproved, the more because I trusted time would induce her to look more favorably on her cousin's suit. He, however, was not disposed to wait; but determined to win her by any, even the foulest means. You know how he inveigled me into a transfer of my estates, a step which I bitterly repent. You know also the false representations he made to Eveline. After his first refusal he did not despair; but again solicited her hand. This time he brought a forged letter, purporting to be from me, commanding her to become his wife. Eveline was now in the deepest perplexity and anguish of mind. She had never yet disobeyed me; and, as no suspicion of the genuineness of my letter crossed her mind, she knew not what to do, being equally averse to accept Major Manvers and to refuse obedience to my commands. The madness of my nephew in forging a document which must, sooner or later, be proved to be false, is inaccountable, unless he trusted to the chances of war, or to my death by fouler means, for my removal from life before a discovery should take place.

"Fortunately, at this crisis, a paper was brought to Eveline which unmasked the villain. The document was a letter, found months before on the dead body of Manvers' servant, containing a written promise from the master of a certain sum of money, provided the bearer should succeed in aiding him to obtain the hand of Eveline. This paper was accompanied by a note, in Manver's handwriting, addressed to the tory leader who had captured Somers, and suggesting to him that enterprise. These papers hinted at the prior proceedings of Manvers in his crafty plot, and by following the clue this afforded, we have arrived at a full knowledge of his base designs. The man who brought the papers to Eveline had been prevented for months, by his duties in the field, from delivering the document at Staunton Hall, and, aware of their importance, he was unwilling to trust them to other hands.

"This knowledge determined Eveline at once. She still did not suspect the forgery of the letter; but under the circumstances she felt justified in disobeying it. She revealed all to her aunt, and Manvers was dismissed from the Hall. Immediate enquiries were secretly set on foot to discover the extent of my nephew's villainy, and the result was the complete discovery of his plans. Eveline now determined to join me and put herself under my personal protection; and availing herself of an escort that just then presented, she arrived at Williamsburg, whence she set forth for the camp. Prior to this, however, she wrote me a full account of his villainy. You may have seen me perusing the letter."

Eveline never appeared more beautiful than when she came down that evening, after having devoted most of the day as well as the preceding night to recover from the fatigues of her journey. There was a conscious embarrassment in her manner, at meeting Somers, which assured him that he did not love in vain. He seized the first moment when they were alone to declare his sentiments; and when she owned he was not indifferent to her, he felt that his cup of bliss was full. In the conversation that ensued, the blushing girl confessed that he had won her heart at Staunton Hall, though she herself, unused to love, was ignorant that the sentiments she entertained for him were other than those of friendship, until his absence, and the pain she experienced at believing him unworthy, revealed to her the true state of her heart. And it was the consciousness of this, and the fear that he had learned to despise her, which made her hesitate so long, when they met, to acknowledge the injustice she had done him.

Major Trevor pressed Somers' hand affectionately, when the wishes of the latter were made known to him, and said,

"God bless you, my dear boy. Most willingly do I confide Eveline to your hands. We are of different political sentiments, but we are still members of the great human family; and, though I shall die, as I have lived, in the faith of my fathers, I will not pretend to infallibility. This unnatural war is now nearly at a close, and the side you espoused is triumphant. Alas! the result has left me a poor man, and I regret only that I have no dower to give with my child."

"Spare your regrets, dear sir," said Somers, "for I have enough for all. No more, if you love me, on that subject."

The wedding of Eveline and Somers was not long deferred, and thenceforth they were supremely happy. A few words on the other characters, and our story will be closed.

Manvers met a deserved fate the year after the peace, being shot by the father of a young woman, in the lower walks of life, whom he had seduced. The avenger escaped to the Indies. The Trevor estates now reverted to Eveline's father as the next heir; and through Somers' influence he was enabled to retain them.

Eph continued nominally with his master after the peace, though his wandering disposition found a voyage to the West Indies, necessary at least twice a year, until old age confined him to Somers' plantation.

From the Monthlies.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, FOR FEBRUARY.

A LETTER TO DICKENS.

A friend of ours connected with the dead letter office, sends us the following epistle to "CHARLES DICKENS, *Esquire*." As the author, who lives somewhere out west, and may not have known the law in the case, failed to prepay the inland postage, it was not forwarded by the steamer; and as Boz has doubtless received enough of the same kind already, we give it a "general circulation" through our magazine.

Dear Sir.—As you wish for a private narration,
Of the cavils that rise at your "notes on this nation,
I've devoted the evenings of two or three Sundays,
(You, I know, are a *liberal*,) to gather the *on dits*.
That was easy enough for the people (the rabble,
Of course,) are quite free with their insolent babble;
But for me to repeat it is quite lacerating.
Though I trust you're above being hurt at such prating.
You urge me to candor, and somebody sings
That *candor* and *candid* are different things;
(Which I dare say you know, for the stores of your knowledge
Are such as could never be gathered at college.)
So here goes for the whole—not the views of a *clique*;
I shall call to my aid neither Latin nor Greek,
But just a plain English, that both of us speak.
You'll allow me at starting to state that a few of us
Are chop-fall'n to find that you've said nothing new of us.
We hop'd from our Pickwick some striking *tableaux*,
And were ready to laugh most "consum'dly at those;
(As indeed when you tickle there's seldom a choice)
But our verdict agrees with the general voice—
That a book, as a book, has not half the profundity
Of that of the club, let alone its jocundity;
And your foes vow there's nothing Pickwickian in it.
Save the "brandy and water" recurring each minute.
As to humor, 'tis thought there is plenty of that,
But 'tis only ill humor, and desp'rately flat.
One *tableau*, you'll kindly permit me to say,
Might have shown up the hubbub in Boston that day
When our magnates and minnows with beau and with belle come
To kiss the "cork soles" in their ardor of welcome;
And you—just conceive of the change that came o'er them!—
Could not keep in your errand, but flung it before them.
And when they bethump'd you with words steep'd in honey,
Just call'd up a smile, but kept bawling for money;
When all eyes seemed in danger of quitting their sockets,
You bowed and grimaced, but still fingered the pockets.
How you, my dear sir, must have relished the fun,
Since you know long ago how such things should be done.*
Oh! rich field for an artist, of forty-Boz power,
(I was going to say,) might be found in that hour!
If you won't undertake it, I'll back my friend Johnson
To give it a touch (in his "scraps" that come on soon)
That shall set the world roaring; and then in a label,
Bursting forth from your lips as you sit at the table,
We'll have—"Shell out your shiners as fast as you can shell!"
"'I no come here for chatter!' but 'something substantial!'"
You'll excuse this digression; my pen ran away
At the thought of that whitest and funniest day.
To return to the strictures: your "notes" it is said,
Show a deficit either of heart or of head;
(Some *do* say of both) and that too much strong liquor
Has muddled your brains, 'stead of making them quicker:
And they hint at the fact of your seeing the door
Break loose from its moorings and yawn on the floor,
(Aboard ship) was not one of old Neptune's famed marvels,
But just the "mull'd claret" that glows through your travels.
They are those to your face were as supple as kittens,
Now handle yourself and your books without mittens.
"Six months" for a circuit of thousands of miles,
Has called up a legion of ill-natured smiles.
'Twas a cockney idea, the knowing ones say
And scarce honest, to give such "poor preach for good pay."
Nay, even your defenders (I grieve while I'm writing)
Own your satire is stale, and your praise not inviting.
Your spitting and spitters, we think "the fair thing,"
And we wish every tourist would give them a fling.
(Though even here, truth is a jewel, you'll own,
And the case did not need that ought else should be shown:)
But we can't, for our lives, 'spite of warm admiration,
Discover the reason for one exclamation—
(It occurs at page fortieth, line twenty-one—)
"Delighted to find ourselves once more alone!"
Now to scrape an acquaintance with dear Mrs. D.,
Scarcely needed the risk of the treacherous sea;
And as to the "maid"—why, to say nothing cross of her,
She was surely no study for such a philosopher.
Please explain in your next. There are further objections
Called up by the tone of your *moral* reflections.
Our forefathers thought that Religion had sense in't,
At least they felt sure there could be no offence in't;
But we learn from the "notes" that the theatre's surer
To make saints than the church, since its morals are purer;
And 'tis plain that you'd rather the exquisite Fanny
Should train up your younglings, than "a Puritan."
But this giving on *dits*—you are not an archbishop—
Yet I own I dislike such opinion to fish up;
And as to advice, it is really a trial,
Yet you urge and insist, and will take no denial
(It must be for the future; what's done can't be undone,
Though I wish you'd been safe in the purlieus of London.)
As the "notes" have accomplished the main point—the *pewter*—
I scarcely dare whisper a caution—*no sutor*;
Yet truth, which I've praised, prompts this humble suggestion—
Since you've powers, *in one walk*, that no mortal will question,
Better let well alone! husband close your resources;
Make no soaring attempts; try no venturesome courses;
Fall back on your conquests; sit under your laurels;
Don't be greedy of money; don't meddle with morals;
But let alone temp'rance and Hoosiers and hom'ny,
And stick to your cockneys, *et id genus omne*;
The tavern, the play-house, the prison, the circus,
The Tuggses at Ramsgate, the boys in the "work 'us;"
And while you have Sam and sweet Nelly to rally by,
When accused of these "notes," I would just "*prove an alibi*."
But my paper is out ere my tale is half finished;
I'll write you again when the tax is diminished;
And hoping we'll soon have the pleasure of hearing,
Remain your devoted AMINADAB PEERING.

* See the reply of old Weller, "Pickwick Papers"—"It's a rum sort of a thing, Sammy, to go a hankering arter any body's property."

FROM THE LADY'S BOOK, FOR FEBRUARY.

EMMA WESTALL.

BY MISS MARY DAVENANT.

"Who is that lady?" asked Mr. Harford of his partner, as a graceful girl moved forward in the dance, at a brilliant party at Mrs. G.'s.

"Do you mean the lady in white, with a diamond *feroniere?*" said Miss Carlisle. "Oh, that is Emma Westall."

"I had not noticed the *feroniere*, but the bright eyes beneath it," said the gentleman, smiling; "but can it be possible that she is the shy little school-girl, that was Emma Westall when I went abroad? It makes me feel quite old to think it."

"You gentlemen appear to think time stands still with us at home, while you are wandering in Europe; but we girls do grow up, although you are not looking at us, and——"

"She is certainly very beautiful," said the gentleman, apparently too much lost in his own reminiscences to be aware of the *gaucherie* of his interruption. Miss Carlisle was a distinguished belle, and was therefore but little pleased with this open acknowledgment of the charms of a rival. She had, however, too much tact to allow this to appear, and only observed that "Miss Westall looked unusually well to-night."

"I should think that with those eyes and with that lovely complexion, she could never look otherwise," he answered.

"Oh, of course not," she replied. "I know Miss Westall very well, and I think her a sweet girl, very pretty, very accomplished, very blue."

"Blue!" he exclaimed, "it is impossible. She is too young."

"Indeed, she is not, I can assure you. She is for ever with her aunt, Miss Selwyn, a noted blue, who is doing her best to make Emma just like herself."

"I remember Miss Selwyn, perfectly," said Mr. Harford, "and have heard her highly spoken of, but did not know she was a learned lady."

"But she is very learned, indeed, and talks about all unintelligible things, and reads all kinds of unintelligible books, in unknown tongues," said Miss Carlisle, laughing.

"She must be a very formidable person," said the gentleman. "You make me afraid to encounter her."

"Oh, to do her justice, I must say she can make herself very agreeable sometimes, even to ignorant people like myself. But when her learned sock is on, and she has any of her choiced spirits about her, she is positively awful. I was at her house one evening, at a little party, and do not think I was ever so tired in my life. There was a French savant, and a German philosopher, and I don't know how many American literati, and they talked so learnedly that my poor ears ached with the effort to take in the hard words to which I could not attach a single idea. But Emma was in her element, and said she enjoyed it greatly."

"A singular taste," said Mr. Harford. "I will, however, trouble you to introduce me, as I fear she has forgotten me."

The introduction was effected, and followed by one from Emma to her mother, who, after the usual fashion of American mammas, was sitting with a row of other chaperons, looking tired to death, and as if she had neither part nor lot in the evening's amusement beyond that of ascertaining by an occasional glance, that her daughter was engaged with eligible partners. She received Mr. Harford with much graciousness, said she remembered him perfectly and was gratified by the renewal of their former acquaintance, a pleasure fully reciprocated by the gentleman, who bowed his acknowledgments, and endeavored to make himself as agreeable as possible for the rest of the evening.

Emma Westall was the daughter of a wealthy merchant, whose family had long occupied a prominent position in society. Emma had been carefully educated, and the rich native soil of her mind had amply repaid the culture that had been bestowed upon it. She was beautiful, intelligent and accomplished, and entered society with all the éclat usually attendant on the favorites of nature and of fortune. Her mother, a worldly-minded woman, loved her daughter sincerely, but was little calculated to enter into the refinement of a character like Emma's: besides, she had other children, who, being younger, required, she thought, more of her attention. She contented herself with giving her daughter the best masters, because such were the fashion, and left her character to be formed by circumstances. Her father was too much occupied by business to interfere much in domestic concerns, but furnished his wife with ample means for carrying out her own plans, both in the arrangements of her family and the education of her daughters. His sons he placed at college, at a distance, and the eldest was expected to graduate at the next annual commencement. Fortunately for Emma, her aunt, Miss Selwyn, a woman of great discrimination and delicacy of character, had made an early discovery of the incapability of Mrs. Westall to train a mind of extreme sensibility, and being both by nature and education peculiarly fitted for the task herself, had so judiciously interposed her influence, that neither mother nor daughter was aware of the extent to which it was exerted. In consequence of it, Emma, during her childhood, remained in blissful ignorance of the thorough worldliness of her mother's character, and it was not until her mind had matured, that she became fully aware of the painful truth. I say *fully* aware, for it is impossible to suppose that no perception of the kind had before darkened the sunshine of her love towards her parent, but she chased it from her as undutiful and sinful, and still continued to adorn her mother's mind with many graces which were but the reflection of her own, imaged in the pure fountain of her affections.

Mr. Harford had recently returned from Europe, after an absence of some years, and it was at one of the earliest parties of the season that he first saw Emma since her childhood. Her beauty and the polish of her manners, matured as they were by two years' intercourse with general society, made their full impression in all the advantages of her evening costume. The progress of the acquaintance so happily commenced Mrs. Westall watched with Argus eyes, which soon made the discovery that it would be Emma's own fault if she did not in due course of time become Mrs. Harford, and be at the head of the elegant establishment to which the gentleman's large fortune would entitle him. In imagination she had already bought the trousseau, celebrated the marriage, and sent the happy pair to Europe, where they might spend a year and then return with the most recherché furniture they could procure in Paris. Could any thing be more delightful! One thing only gave her uneasiness, and this was the apparent indifference of her daughter to the conquest she had made, which she thought, if carried too far, might spoil the whole prospect. She therefore determined to sound her on the subject, and give her a little advice as to the manner she was to adopt in future.

One morning, as Emma and her mother were sitting together, Mrs. Westall led the way to the subject by remarking upon the beauty of some flowers which were in a vase on their work-table.

"And so fragrant, too," added Emma, "they almost make me fancy I am in the garden at dear delightful Brookfields, on a bright summer morning. How I wish it was summer again!"

"A great deal may happen between now and summer," said her mother, significantly,

"True," answered Emma, "there may be clouds as well as sunshine in the future. You are right to remind me of it, mamma."

"Nay, Emma, I had no such idea. On the contrary, I was thinking that if those flowers could speak, they might perhaps whisper a little tale that would make next summer the happiest of your life. That blush is a tell-tale, Emma. Now, if you would only blush so consciously sometimes when the donor is near you, your father and I might soon see our child as happy as she deserves to be."

"I am happy, mamma. I desire no change."

"No change!" said her mother. "Do you not wish to marry, Emma?"

"Not unless I marry a person I could love, and I shall never love Mr. Harford," said Emma, firmly.

"You amaze me, Emma, beyond all power of expression. Pray tell me why you shall not. Have you ever tried?"

"Try! to love?" exclaimed Emma. "Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Everybody," said her mother; "at least every woman of any sense. You appear to forget, Emma, that a woman cannot go through the world, and choose for herself, but must take such as are offered to her. And such an offer as this! Why, if you were to wait a lifetime, you might never have such another! What earthly objection can you have? I insist upon knowing."

"I cannot reverence him, and the Bible says the wife must see that she reverence her husband. He is a mere man of the world, governed by expediency in all he says and does—is selfish, frivolous and narrow-minded; in short, he has no great qualities."

"Great nonsense," said her mother, losing all patience. "Mere romantic notions, which every girl under twenty indulges in, and sees the folly of when she is older. Fortunately for you, Emma, you have parents who are wiser than yourself. Your father and I desire this match exceedingly, and it is your duty to try and conform to our wishes. This young man loves you, every action shows it, and he is only waiting for a little encouragement to declare himself. If you persist in this coldness, you will bring upon yourself our serious displeasure, and will moreover have the mortification of seeing that artful Julia Carlisle win him away from you and make him wretched for life, with her horrid temper. I will hear no more, Emma," observing she was about to speak; "remember, obedience is the first duty of a child."

Poor Emma withdrew from the apartment with a heavy heart, abashed by her mother's rebukes, and almost persuaded she was acting sinfully in thus opposing her will. The first impulse was to go to her aunt and confide her troubles to her, but it was snowing hard, and she dared not venture out, so she took the usual satisfaction of young ladies in distress, a hearty cry. Her mother soon after came into the room, and after kissing her affectionately, told her that she had repeated to her father the substance of their conversation, that he thought her a very silly girl who did not know what she was about, and that all he asked of her was to take a few weeks to consider before she took any decided step, treating the gentleman, meantime, with kindness. This Emma promised she would try to do, and peace was once more restored to the family.

And how was the lover affected by Emma's coldness? As is often the case, the doubtfulness of success only increased his desire for it. Mr. Harford was all Emma had described him—a spoiled child of fortune—cold, selfish, and worldly-minded, though eminently handsome, well-bred, and well thought of by the world. Emma's beauty and accomplishments had first attracted his regard, and her gentleness and sweetness convinced him she would make a yielding, submissive wife. These endowments would, however, have been nothing to him, had she been less favored by fashion and by fortune, two deities, at whose shrine Mr. Harford was a reverent worshipper. As it was, her coldness added a pleasing excitement to the pursuit to the blasé man of the world. He determined that if perseverance could win success, success should be his, and Mrs. Westall's fears that the arts of the fair Julia would deprive her of her son-in-law, might have been given to the winds.

Mrs. Westall had not had a doubt of her sister's full concurrence in her wishes until she discovered that Emma was not so dazzled as she had expected by the brilliant prospect before her. She then hastened to her sister to beg her to exert her influence with Emma that she might not throw away her happiness in the way she seemed disposed to do, but behave like a rational woman, and secure the handsome establishment that was courting her acceptance. To her dismay she found Emma's objections echoed still more strongly by her aunt, who, to deprecate her anger, at the same time assured her that far from having attempted to bias Emma's feelings, she had made it a point of conscience not to speak to her at all on a matter in which she felt her own views were at variance with those of her parents, and that as Emma had not entered upon the subject to her, she had no difficulty in keeping her opinions to herself until her sister had thus called them forth. Mrs. Westall then requested she would still continue to occupy a neutral ground, which she readily promised to do, "unless," added she, "I find Emma needs my advice and sympathy, when it must of right be hers, and if I see her really unhappy I must solicit her confidence even though she does not ask for mine."

In the mean time Emma was trying to fulfil the promise she had made to her father, and determined to make an honest effort to discover if there was not some latent spark of greatness under the cold conventional polish which was so repulsive to the warmth of her own nature. Mr. Harford professed a fondness for the fine arts, but Emma felt that in poetry, the smoothness of the verse—in painting, the finish of the coloring—in music, the harmony of the tone, were all he could appreciate. The eye, the ear, the taste were gratified, but beyond these porches of the inner sanctuary he could not enter, and when she would speak their revelations to her own soul, would smile superciliously, and call it "charming enthusiasm." Who has not felt the spirit shrink to its inmost depths after such contact as this; "he is of the earth—earthy," thought Emma, and she felt there was a great gulf between them.

* * * * * *

"Upon what are you thinking so intensely?" said Miss Selwyn to her niece, as they were sitting one evening by the quiet fireside of her small but tastefully furnished parlor. Both ladies had been reading, but Emma's book had for some time been lying neglected on the table, and she was gazing upon the fire with an earnestness that had attracted the attention of Miss Selwyn. Emma blushed, as she turned her face towards her aunt, and pointed to a passage in the book she had been reading. "I was thinking," said she, "how exactly my own experience confirmed the truth of this observation."

Miss Selwyn took the book and read aloud, "It is possible that our repugnance to cold and hard minds is a sublime sort of instinct—an instinct which apprizes us that such beings, even when their conduct is estimable, act mechanically or by calculation, and that it is impossible that any true sympathy can exist between us and them."

"You were making, I suppose, an individual application of the remark, for no general one would have thrown you into the brown study in which you have been indulging for some time past. Shall I guess to whom?"

"Do you not think it may be generally applied?" answered Emma, evasively.

"To all 'cold and hard minds,' undoubtedly," said Miss Selwyn, "but as it is not often they ask for more than the outward sympathy of refined and elevated natures, it is easy to grant them that small gift, and reserve the true feeling for such only as are able to requite it."

"But if it seems to be a duty, aunt?" said Emma.

"That is quite a different consideration," answered her aunt. "If we are by the appointment of Providence placed among those to whom the inner sanctuary of our hearts is a sealed book—parents, brothers, and sisters, for instance—it is a misfortune, doubtless; but here the call of duty is imperative, and from duty must proceed all those offerings of affection which have a much more lovely but perhaps less holy source in mutual sympathy. But it was not of this that Madame de Stael was thinking when she made the remark, nor you when applying it. Confess, Emma, it was Mr. Harford that was occupying your mind's eye just now, was it not?"

"It was, indeed," said Emma, with a sad voice, "and I cannot tell how this miserable business is to end. Each day increases my repugnance to complying with my parents' wishes, for each day's intercourse convinces me that there is a want of that true congeniality between us, without which I never can be happy."

"And yet Mr. Harford is handsome, rich, well born, well bred, well informed. What more do you ask?"

"I ask feeling, soul, high and holy aspirations after all that is good and beautiful and glorious in this life and in the next," answered Emma with enthusiasm. "A spirit before which my own could bow—to whom I could trust its guidance—to whom obedience would be happiness. One who would foster all that is elevated in my nature, instead of crushing by his own worldliness the endeavors of my soul to look beyond the world. Oh, my dear aunt, you who have been this ministering spirit to me, who have led me by precept and example to cherish these feelings as my highest, holiest treasure,—you cannot join with my family in promoting this marriage."

"No, my beloved child, I cannot," said Miss Selwyn, as she tenderly embraced her niece, who had hid her burning face in her bosom, "I cannot aid in doing what my heart tells me would be wrong—deep wrong—to a loving nature. You, my Emma, are formed to live in your affections, and it must be a noble being that can call them forth in all their power. I have not until now, interfered in this matter, for my heart told me you would discover what your parents have not, that his character is not suited to your own. But you must beware, Emma, of taking one so little worldly wise as I am into your counsels, for you see all that my romantic ideas have done for me, left me a solitary old maid, when I might have been far differently situated. Have you counted the cost thus far? Should you not realize this ideal, have you courage to live unloved?"

"You are not unloved," cried Emma; "who is loved more fondly than you by all on whom you bestow affection? Do not talk of being unloved!"

"Yet Providence has wisely ordered it that woman's highest happiness is to be found in the exercise of her highest duties, and it is as wife and mother that the pure and lovely attributes of her nature shine in their fullest perfection. That seeking of the heart for something without itself, which can satisfy its yearning for an entire sympathy, proves that we are imperfect beings without it, and marriage, the appointment of God himself. But, tell me, Emma, have you ever yet seen any one towards whom you felt you could yield this reverence of spirit you were just now speaking of; or is it merely an ideal being you have described?"

"I have seen those I think greatly superior to Mr. Harford," answered Emma.

"That is not the answer to my question, Emma; I shall suspect you, if you are not perfectly frank with me."

"Do not ask me, aunt," said Emma, with tears; "until within this week past I believe my affections to be entirely free, but the utter repugnance I feel to the thought of marrying any but one, convinces me that if he had chosen me, I might have been as happy as I now am miserable."

"And you have given your heart, unsought, Emma. This is indeed unlooked for."

"Do not reproach me, aunt," said Emma, passionately, "I am humbled enough in my own consciousness of having bestowed my affections upon one who perhaps thinks not of me; but I did not know till lately, it was more than admiration of his character, and the love I might naturally feel for such a cousin."

"Yet you must know, Emma, that even if Thornton sought your hand, your parents would never consent to your marrying him. Poor, and struggling for his daily bread, could they ever allow their child, so tenderly nurtured, to partake of his poverty? No, Emma, this is madness. I can now understand your reluctance to speak to me on the subject of Mr. Harford's addresses. You knew I would discover what you wished concealed."

"I knew and feel all the misery of my present condition. I feel that I have acted unworthily, in suffering this affair with Mr. Harford to proceed so far, but I did it ignorantly, not knowing the state of my own heart."

"And what led to the discovery?"

"That letter from Frederic, telling us how ill Mr. Thornton had been. The agony I felt on hearing of his danger, opened my eyes to the truth, and I have been miserable ever since. I went directly to my father and told him I could never marry Mr. Harford, and he seemed greatly troubled, and said it was a great grief to him, that I would not yield to his wishes in this matter. He has been in low spirits lately, and it seems to me wicked to distress him more. I am sure I don't know what to do."

Miss Selwyn gently soothed her niece, and sent her home somewhat comforted, but after she had left her, remained in great perplexity herself. This discovery of the state of Emma's heart, gave her infinite pain, and she now wondered at her own blindness, that she had not before perceived it.

No two characters could form a stronger contrast than the object on whom Emma had bestowed her affections and the one to whom her parents wished them directed. Thorton Ellwood was the orphan son of a cousin of Mr. Westall's and had been educated under the impression that he would inherit a large estate in one of the southern states. His father was a mere man of pleasure, but his mother was one of those gentle spiritualized beings, who too often find in this world no worthy resting place, and was therefore soon removed to a more congenial abode. After her death, when Thornton was about twelve years old, his father married a fashionable belle, who was too much occupied with herself to take much interest in the delicate boy thus confided to her care. He was therefore, sent to New England for his education, and, in his annual visits to the home of his childhood, had been made to feel the difference between the mother he had lost and her who now occupied her place. His father sought his pleasures abroad, and the tender affections of his heart, thus driven from their natural channel, shaped to themselves another course. He became an enthusiast of nature.

"Every sight
And sound from the vast earth and ambient air
Sent to his heart its choicest impulses."

He would wander for hours in the woods surrounding his home, and there revel in the enjoyment of the beauties his great mother so lovingly displayed to him. With this, too, was associated the image of his departed parent, who had ever loved to lead her boy to the favorite woodland haunts, and there imprint her highest lessons on his mind. As he advanced in years and intellectual culture, he delighted to people these solitudes with creatures of the imagination, sometimes with the graceful Naiads and woodland nymphs of classic days; again with the Undines and fairies of modern story, and other "shapes that haunt the wilderness of thought." But it was only when at home, and at intervals, that he was allowed free indulgence in those vagaries, for an insatiable thirst for knowledge grew with his increasing years. The native strength of his intellect, and his devoted application to study, rendered his success at college complete, and his imaginative turn of mind and poetic taste marked out for him, in the opinion of his instructors, a career of great literary brilliancy. On his return home, however, the energy that distinguished him at college seemed to have deserted him. No kindred minds there aroused him to activity, and though he still lived among his books, and still was alive to all the beauties of the external world, his mind was more acted upon than active, and he was fast sinking into a dreamy indolent forgetfulness of all life's highest duties. The sudden death of his father, and the subsequent discovery that his estate was insolvent, first aroused him to that

"Sense of past youth and manhood come in vain,
And genius given and knowledge won in vain,"

so bitter to experience. But what was to be done? He was now twenty-three years of age, without a profession, and without the means of maintenance while he prepared himself for one. Friends came forward with offers of pecuniary aid, but from this his high ideas of independence revolted. After some deliberation, he determined to return to the north, and offer himself as a tutor in the college where he had been educated, and thus procure the means of living. His cousin, Mr. Westall, offered him a place in his counting house, and a home in his family, if he would consent to remain with them, but his resolution was taken, and forthwith carried into execution. He had been in the habit of paying occasional visits to his relatives, and as they were mostly in the country when he was with them, he would frequently take the little Emma by the hand, (for she was many years his junior) and wander with her through the picturesque scenery of the neighborhood, unconsciously pouring into the child's delighted ear, the rich stream of eloquence his intense admiration of its beauties would call forth. Even after she grew to womanhood, this dangerous companionship continued, but as Thornton had none of the exterior qualities that usually captivate a girlish fancy, and his position in society was now so humble, no one ever dreamed of the possibility of Emma ever becoming too strongly interested in him. As Miss Selwyn now reviewed this intercourse, she endeavored to call to mind some look, tone, or incident that might lead her to judge whether there was any reciprocation, on his part, of the feeling Emma had avowed; but she sought in vain, and Emma's assertion that he thought not of her, was, she believed, the mortifying truth.

Emma had so earnestly entreated her not to betray this weakness to her parents, that Miss Selwyn was obliged to promise silence, but did not feel quite satisfied with herself for having done so until she learned from Emma, a few days after, that she had come to an explanation with Mr. Harford, and declined the acceptance of his offered hand. The poor girl was, however, disappointed in her expectation that this éclaircissement would relieve her from her embarrassment. Mr. Harford possessed none of the sensibility which would lead him to withdraw attentions which he knew were not acceptable. Though his self-esteem was a little wounded, he determined to continue them, and as she could not reject his offered friendship, he was saved the mortification of appearing to have been refused. Mr. and Mrs. Westall, ignorant as they were of the true state of their daughter's affections, hoped every thing from time and assiduity, and endeavored to make the society at their house so attractive to Mr. Harford as possible.

So passed away the winter months. Emma struggling against her secret attachment, busying herself by her aunt's advice in the study of a foreign language, (that best of antidotes against the indulgence of sickly fancies,) going into society, and endeavoring to appear interested in associations that were now doubly insipid to her.

The spring came on, bright, glorious, and clothing all nature in robes of beauty, but bringing to many homes sorrow and deprivation. It was the troubled spring of 1837, when the dark storm of financial distress which has since desolated our land, sent forth its first low thunders. The failure of a house connected with that of Mr. Westall, not only stripped him of the savings of a life of industry, but also involved him in responsibilities to a considerable amount. The confidence felt in him by his numerous friends was such that he was spared the mortification of a failure; but as he was now a poor man and wished to remain an honest one, it was necessary he should reduce his expenses and make a total change in his style of living. Poor Mrs. Westall was overwhelmed by this stroke, and far from being able to support her husband under his sorrows, only added to them by her lamentations and upbraidings.

"She could not see," she said, "why they should be obliged to leave their house and sell their furniture more than the G.'s and H.'s who had failed, absolutely failed, and still continued to enjoy theirs. The carriage and the country seat might be given up, and she use a hack when necessary, and take the children in summer to country lodgings—that she thought was as great a sacrifice as they need be called upon to make. Times would soon be better, and it was sinful to think of lowering the position of their children in society just for the sake of other people's debts."

It was in vain her husband and her sister endeavored to change her views, and to persuade her that she might possibly be happy without the gewgaws to which she attached such value. Miss Selwyn then offered to give up her establishment and come and reside with her sister that she might add her small income to theirs, but to this plan Mr. Westall would not listen for a moment.

"The debts were his," he said, "and by his own self-denial and industry he would pay them. His sister-in-law's little home was very dear to her he knew, and she should not leave it while he had health and strength to labor for his family. The sooner they made a change the better, and his wife would then be obliged to submit to what was inevitable."

With these views he took a house just large enough to accommodate his family, and to Mrs. Westall's horror, in an unfashionable part of the town; thither, under the superintendence of Miss Selwyn and Emma, (for her mother was too ill to exert herself so far,) the plainest and most necessary part of their furniture was removed. The only article of mere luxury that was retained was Emma's piano-forte, which her father would not suffer her to give up, for he dearly loved her music, and wished her to instruct her little sisters in an accomplishment so delightful to him. The rest of their splendid furniture was consigned to the hammer, and the family as soon as possible settled in their new abode. Emma shed many secret tears over their altered prospects, but the sacrifice that cost more than all the rest was that of their country home, endeared to her by so many tender associations;—but her heart told her that these had now become too dangerous, and that it was well for her they were thus rudely torn asunder. Her domestic duties now engrossed much of her attention, and she was obliged to give up a great portion of the time she had hitherto devoted to her own improvement, to what she used to think menial occupations. This was very hard at first; but the effort to bend inclination to duty is a healthful one, and she soon began to take interest in her various employments, and to feel contented and happy while engaged in them.

Mrs. Westall now renewed with greater zeal than ever her efforts to alter Emma's views with regard to Mr. Harford, and was more than ever displeased at her firmness in persisting in them. That gentleman had appeared to sympathize very deeply in their misfortunes, but Emma soon began to be aware that a "change had come o'er the spirit of his dream," with regard to her. Her mother would, however, see no such thing.

"Was he not the very first to come and see them in their new house, had he not been there frequently and did he not show them every attention?"

This was all true, but Emma felt that she was right, and only said that "time would show."

Mr. Harford did feel as sorry as his nature would allow him, for the reverses of his friends. He also felt more sorry for himself, in being obliged to give up the idea of marrying so lovely a creature as Emma. But that he, with all his disadvantages of person and fortune, should throw himself away upon the daughter of a ruined man, was not to be thought of, and he must now withdraw from the field as quietly as possible. It would have been an outrage upon his own sense of propriety at once to turn his back upon a fallen friend; he, therefore, visited at Mr. Westall's as usual, for a few weeks, then rather less frequently, giving his numerous engagements and the long walk to their house as an excuse for his remissness. At last Mrs. Westall was shocked by hearing through a gossiping friend, that it was reported he was engaged to the object of her old jealousy, Miss Julia Carlisle. This amiable young lady had so judiciously administered her flattery, and so soothed his self-complacency, a little wounded by Emma's refusal, that she had greatly won upon his regards. Her efforts to charm him were redoubled after Mr. Westall's misfortunes, (in which she truly rejoiced) and as she was reported to be rich and was certainly fashionable, he at length offered himself, and was accepted.

As rumor with her thousand tongues conveyed to Mrs. Westall's ear, the tidings of the brilliant preparations the bride elect was making for her marriage, her reproaches to her daughter were neither few nor gentle. Emma was therefore greatly relieved when the wedding was fairly over and the embarkation of the happy pair for another continent, withdrew them from the eyes of the gossiping world, and allowed her mother's mind to dwell on something else than the establishment she had so wilfully thrown away.

As the summer advanced, Emma began to anticipate the arrival of her brothers from college. They came, and with them, Thornton Ellwood; a very unwilling guest they said, but they had forced him to consult Dr. H., for he had never recovered as he ought to have done from the illness he had had in the winter. His friends were alarmed at his altered appearance, but were assured by the physician that they might expect his health would be restored by entire relaxation from study, as he had probably overtasked his mind while weak from illness. Emma trembled when she looked at him, and as she thought of all his noble aspirations, all the longings of his soul after perfection in goodness, beauty, and truth, she felt a foreboding that they were about having their perfect realization in a higher state of being.

All her intentions of avoiding his society—all her fears of betraying the secret of her heart vanished before this conviction. To her aunt alone could she pour out all her sorrows, all her fears. Miss Selwyn calmed her apprehensions with regard to his danger, although she acknowledged he looked ill and unhappy, and advised Emma to try and win him from dwelling on his own weakness by cheerful society and conversation, and promised to aid the family in their efforts to rouse him from the melancholy that oppressed him. Miss Selwyn was grieved to find how little progress Emma had evidently made in her efforts to subdue her attachment, and indulged in many bitter reflections on the hard fate of woman, gifted as she is with the power to appreciate, and the heart to feel all that is good and noble in the other sex, and yet too often at the peril of her own happiness yielding it to the tribute of her admiration. Emma's anxiety about Thornton led her to exert to the utmost her powers of pleasing. She would play for him, sing for him, read to him out of his favorite authors and discuss their beauties, and while thus engaged, Thornton would rouse from his depression, and be like his former self. Sometimes, when Emma's fears unconsciously imparted to her voice and manner a touching tenderness, he would gaze at her with a fixedness that recalled her to herself, and then sink into a deep abstraction. These symptoms were closely watched by Miss Selwyn, who at last began to suspect that Emma's attachment was possibly returned. Might it not be the conflict between a passion for her and his high sense of duty and honor which forbade his making any effort to win her while in his present depressed circumstances, preying on a mind of extreme sensibility, that had thus reduced him? But what comfort could she derive from this idea? What hope that Emma's parents would ever consent to her union with one so poor as he? She knew they would not, and could she with this conviction make any efforts to gain Thornton's confidence, or communicate her hopes to Emma, when they might all prove illusory?

As she was one day sitting, absorbed in such thoughts as these, she heard a quick foot upon the stairs, and Emma soon after entered her chamber with a face of the greatest excitement, saying,

"Dear aunt, have you heard the news? Thornton is made a professor in —— College. Mr. K. has resigned, and he has been elected in his place."

"I rejoice to hear it, Emma; and only hope it may make him as happy as it seems to have made you. My child, what ails you? You are hysterical!" for the bright face that had entered the room was now suffused with tears.

"Oh, aunt, I am too happy. I feel that I can hardly bear it."

"Quick, Emma! is it as I hoped? Thornton has long loved you."

"He has—he has—but had it not been for this blessed appointment would have died sooner than have told me. Was it not cruel, aunt? Think of the misery we both have endured."

"Thank Heaven, if you are happy now; but tell me all about it."

Emma was too much agitated to give a very intelligible account of matters, so we will briefly tell those who may be interested in her concerns—that the report that had reached Thornton of Emma's engagement to Mr. Harford, first revealed to him that he had long loved her, just before the news of the illness that the discovery produced had led Emma to the knowledge of the state of her affections. Even after he was undeceived with regard to her engagement, the conviction that she could never be his while he could offer her so few worldly advantages, and the improbability that she would think of loving one who had so few personal ones, had preyed upon his mind so as to prevent his recovering. He then endeavored by literary effort to win his way to fame and competence, but the conflict of his feelings had exhausted even his intellectual energies, and he felt that he could produce nothing worthy of himself. Emma's devotion to him since he had last been with her, had first awakened in his heart a trembling hope that she might not be indifferent to him, and the moment that he learned of his improved prospects, he hastened to confide to her the long cherished secret of his deep affection, and heard in return of

"The love she had pour'd on freely forth,
And her boundless trust in his real worth."

Mrs. Westall could not conceal her dissatisfaction when this state of affairs was made known to her. That her daughter should prefer a poor man that had neither beauty nor fashion to recommend him, to one so infinitely his superior, was to her incomprehensible, and she never sees Mr. Harford's splendid equipage roll by that she does not sigh over the disappointment of her ambitious projects. But think you, fair reader, that Emma loving and beloved by her husband, now a bright star in our literary horizon, has any sighs for earthly pomp? Believe me, no—in her high appreciation of his talents, in her deep reverence for his piety, in her constant experience of his affection, she feels she possesses greater treasures than the fleeting ones of earth, for they are enduring as the soul in which they have their dwelling.

United States SATURDAY POST.

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OUR WEEKLY CHAT.

Having found abundance of material of all description, literary, news and miscellaneous for this day's paper, our own corner is of course limited; and we shall make little use to-day of the privilege of being egotistical, which "chat" always supposes; but release the dutiful reader who commences at the beginning, with very little preface.

On our outside to-day is completed the novel entitled "The Southern Whig," and on our last page is commenced a deeply interesting story from Graham's Magazine. We need not bespeak the readers attention to it. In our next paper will be given the concluding lecture by Dr. Bethune, as also, the last of the lectures upon the French Revolution. We notice that some of our contemporaries in their fear of giving proper credit, publish these lectures as "by Dr. Lardner" without acknowledging the source from whence they get them. In doing this they add a "no-such-thing" to their unneighborly jealousy, as Dr. Lardner never sees the lectures, unless he reads the Post.

The weather which last week was exceedingly mild and springlike, opened on Monday as fickle as a miss in her teens; and sunshine and calm were alternated with wind and spots of hail, snow and rain. There is, however, this consolation,—that winter and the session of Congress will soon be over. Six weeks is longer than the storms of either can last; though, peradventure we may have some squalls political and squalls of wind out of the usual season.

OUR SUCCESS.

Notwithstanding the hard times in every section of the United States we have been rapidly gaining subscribers for the last four months. No winter season has been more promising, and we feel assured that intelligence by means of family newspapers is becoming daily more widely spread. As far as we can learn, increase has attended the exertions of every cotemporary. It will scarcely be credited when we state that we have added over two thousand subscribers to our list in the last sixty days, and that "the cry is still they come," by fifties and eighties in the the mails of each day. In the Magazines issued from this establishment there has been a corresponding success—Graham has already done a larger business than in any former year by over four thousand subscribers, and the Lady's World has added to its list 1000 more subscribers in the last three months than during the whole year preceding. All this argues well for the intellect of the country, and if people do not make fortunes as fast as formerly, they seem disposed to lose nothing in intelligence. At the first glance it would seem, that publishers are doing better than any other class, but whosoever looks at the improvements in periodicals of all sorts for the last four years, will see that the increase of subscription finds a vent in enlarged expenditures and liberality, forced out by the very laws of trade and competition. It is utterly idle for a man to expect in this age to go to sleep over his business and realize a fortune—if he attempts it, he will wake and find his business fled to other hands. There is perhaps no department of trade, that requires more unceasing watchfulness at the present time than printing. Competition has acted healthfully in this, that while it benefits the public, it imposes upon every man the necessity of strict attention to his business matters.

R. W. EMERSON.

This gentleman commenced on Monday evening in this city, the delivery of a course of lectures upon New England. Two or three of them yet remain to be given. At the commencement of the first lecture, Mr. Emerson intimated that the theme chosen was one intended more as a hook upon which to hang the thoughts he had to utter, than as a subject to which he should strictly confine himself. Of this remark, which we have paraphrased rather than reported, we judge the full tenor to be: That from the history and character of New England, he should generalize over the whole ground, past, present, and future, over all worlds, material and immaterial, all kingdoms real and ideal, all men, external and internal, all fact assumed and recorded, all opinion theoretical and experimental,—in fine, over the universe generally in all stages of its progress; not forgetting a sort of Professor Espy management of the moral, mental, or mystic atmosphere, with which transcendentalists clothe things positive, and notions supposed. How he will succeed in his mental meteorology remains to be seen; and whether he can allay in the minds of his hearers the mists of doubt, and the driving storms of fancy to which he subjects them, and in which he professes to find a plan and a system of order, remains to be seen.

It is not to be denied that he is eloquent. So might a landsman be if, having discarded compass, and refused the aid of the experience of others, and the demonstrations of admitted and time established truth, he put himself adrift in mid ocean, to study the stars without the trammels of "old conservative astronomy." He might look for the "new" in such a "transition state," till his head ached, and although his description of his position, and his utterance of his thoughts, would be painfully eloquent, or forcibly terrible, all the "new" he should discover would not be of such practical benefit to the world, as a seventy years old cod fisherman's "determination of his faculties to externals," (Mr. Emerson's definition of common sense,) applied to the taking of cod and haddock.

And although we should much rather trust our safety to the "conservative" seamanship of the cod fisherman aforesaid, though his dull eyes were tamely fixed on his compass and his horny hands on his tiller, than to the theory of the transcendentalist adrift, with his eloquent eyes wildly rolling on the stars which he could not clasp,—still we should like much to hear the latter's rhapsody, provided our feet were well moored on a safe bottom. So we shall certainly hear all that Mr. E. has to say, and we must honestly admit that he utters much truth, that his errors are suggestive of thought, if not of always safe safe thought; and that his wit is pleasant if his exaggeration is monstrous, and his hyperbole does outpistol Ancient Pistol.

DEATH OF T. W. WHITE.

We are truly pained to record the death of Thos. W. White, editor and publisher of the Southern Literary Messenger. In September last, while on a visit to New York he was attacked by paralysis. For two months he was unable to undertake a return to Richmond, and during that period received the unremitting attentions of a large circle of friends, to whom his simplicity and genuine kindness of character had endeared him. When he took passage for Richmond he had so far recovered that he was sanguine in the hope of renewed health and usefulness. His friends, however, forboded the worst, and the event has justified their fears.

His character is thus summed by the editor of the Tribune:—"Mr. White, while making no pretensions to authorship, has done very much for the cause of American, and especially Southern, Literature, to which he has devoted himself for some years with singleness of purpose and energy of character. Generous in disposition, ardent in affection, and guileless in heart, he was widely and tenderly beloved; and his death must cause many aching hearts, even out of the circle of his deeply bereaved family. We trust the Messenger will pass into the hands of some worthy successor."

The papers in his own town and section of country are eloquent in their expressions of grief, at an event which is no common bereavement, but the loss of a dear friend and valued citizen.

AFFGHAN AIR.

The English papers report that the restored prisoners were all in the highest health. The fresh air and exercise of the mountains appearing to have benefitted them more than the want of the luxuries of India injured them. The total number, including natives, which have been recovered, will amount to upwards of 2000. Of these, 130 are Europeans, 327 Sepoys found at Ghuznee, and 1200 sick and wounded, who were begging about Cabul. The smallness of the number of the skeletons discovered in the passes, leads to the belief that the annihilation of the army was less complete than was for a long time universally supposed. In such case much of the malediction which has been visited upon the Affghans will be found to have been unapplied. We can never be sure of the truth until we hear both sides—and not always then.

THE STEAMER UNION.

We have frequently written notices of this vessel, as her machinery is of a new and experimental character; and much depends upon the result. She recently went from the Washington Navy Yard to Norfolk, under command of Lieut. Hunter, the inventor of the new plan upon which she is constructed. We are pleased to see by the annexed extract from a letter written on board of her to the editors of the National Intelligencer, that promising results have attended the experiment so far both as respects speed and efficiency:

"The United States steamer Union, under the command of Lieut. Hunter, slipped her moorings about 9 o'clock this morning, (from the Washington Navy Yard,) and, against a stiff head wind, moved off down the river at the rate of 8½ knots per hour. Time from Navy Yard to Alexandria, forty minutes. We consider this a most satisfactory result as her trip to Norfolk is most especially for the purpose of reducing her propellers, which, against the opinion of all the world (Lieut. H., and officers excepted,) are found too large for a high velocity.

There was something very mysterious in the appearance of this vessel, as, without any outward show of her locomotive power, she silently glided away from the wharf, leaving a wake so placid that an egg shell might have ridden upon it in safety—a fact which removes all the objections heretofore made to steam navigation on canals; and we can offer to the sympathising friends of the firemen and engineers the assurance that the thermometer stands no higher than 86 degrees Fahrenheit in any part of the engine-room.

You would hardly realize that the vessel is in motion or the engine at work. So free are we from all the disagreeable jarring and noises of ordinary steamers, that any old lady accustomed to the sound of her coffee-mill might cross the Atlantic with us, without endangerment of her nerves.

HIGHLY INDECOROUS.

At a State Temperance Convention in New Jersey, Gov. Pennington, of that State being present, several oblique hints to sign the pledge were given him. Of these he took no notice. At length one of the ladies present rose and called upon him by name to come and sign the pledge. The Governor, thus appealed to, could no longer sit quiet, he accordingly smiled, bowed, and replied to the suggestion in a neat address, in which he declared his willingness to aid as far as possible the cause of temperance; but at the same time stated, that he never did things without due reflection, and should therefore decline the invitation, in all due respect for those present. Almost immediately upon the Governor's taking his seat, a hissing followed on the part of a large number present. Now the lady above mentioned may be exceedingly pretty—but we are sure upon this evidence that she is not uniformly lady like. The calling upon a man, obliquely or directly, whether he be a private individual or a public character, in the manner above related is as unwarrantable as it is impolite; and we honor Gov. Pennington as highly for refusing to be browbeaten, and declining to exhibit subservience to this sort of dictation, as we pity the persons who followed the first insult paid him, by a chorus of gross insult, in their own natural language.

THE WESTERN WATERS.

Some idea of the importance of the removal of obstructions from the navigable channels of the Western waters, will be gathered from the annexed paragraphs, which we cut from the Baltimore American:

"The extent of Western inland navigation, including the Mississippi, Missouri, the Ohio rivers and their tributaries, is estimated at *twelve thousand miles*. When it is considered through what immense regions these rivers flow—how fertile, how abundant in resources—and that vast portions are yet but sparsely settled, and but partially productive, in view of what they may be made to yield—the amount of tonnage already employed in those waters, though a large aggregate in itself, will but constitute the beginning of that mighty mass one day destined to move along those interior streams freighted with the rich products of industry.

"The annual losses on the Western waters from obstructions to navigation are so great, as to affect very seriously the charges for insurance and the rates of freight. It has been apprehended that insurance offices would decline to take risks. When it was known that the obstructions thus dangerous, may be removed, and that the expense of the work would be small in comparison with the annual losses, does it not become an important matter for the consideration and the efficient action of the Government?"

RAPID COMMUNICATION.

The remark has often been made that the iron rails with which this country is traversed, will prove among the strongest bonds of union which are in future time to cement the confederacy. Sectional prejudices are either forgotten or removed by frequent communication; and the most distant sections of the country become neighbors. A few years ago a journey from Boston to Cincinnati was the work of a month, and even now the distance as at present travelled makes the two cities strangers to each other. But, when the Sandusky rail-road is finished, Cincinnati will be within three days of Boston. From Cincinnati to the Lake, the distance may be accomplished easily in sixteen hours; a magnificent steam packet will then receive the passengers and transport them to Buffalo in twenty hours, and from Buffalo to Boston they will go by rail-road, say in thirty-four hours; the whole distance from Cincinnati to Boston requiring only seventy hours. Does this prediction startle any one? In a few years it will pass into history, and be regarded as a very common place fact.

METEOROLOGY.

In connexion with the storms upon the Lakes, the Hudson Observer has some excellent hints upon Meteorology. One hundred lives were lost in the storm of November. The Observer thinks that the gale could have been anticipated, and says:—"All the operations of nature are subject to fixed laws. Storms form no exception to this rule. These laws may be learned by faithful study. The science of meteorology is new, and but few general principles are yet discovered. Imperfect, however, as the science is, it was competent to predict the present gale. On the morning of the 15th, the barometer at this place was high, with a westerly breeze. About noon the wind veered to southeast, and the barometer began to fall. The wind continued from the same quarter, and the barometer fell steadily, till Thursday, 7 A. M., when it stood at 28, 118. Such a fall of the barometer under an easterly wind, has never been observed at this place without being speedily succeeded by a violent gale from the west."

"HEART BROKEN."

The weatherwise in New England are of opinion that, as we have had no winter worth talking about, we are to have none this season. The New England Farmer quotes the opinion of a very intelligent weather watcher, that, usually about the last of February, or early in March, something in the atmosphere gives to light, just before the rising and just after the setting of the sun, a peculiar tint—saffron colored—or what painters would call a warm tint. This appearance is soon followed by a thaw, which is the breaking up of winter. This softened light is "the aurora of spring." Such a light was observed this winter on the 25th of December, and the following days. On December 26, this peculiar appearance led the gentleman above referred to, to say that "the winter is broken," although we had then, and for several days following, no other sign of the nine days thaw that has since occurred. We had again on Saturday and also on Sunday last, the same peculiar, spring-promising light.

FIRE IN BROOKLYN.

A great fire occurred in Brooklyn, N. J., on Sunday last. It originated in the basement of a small building on the west side of Main street, between Fulton and James, and in a short time the stores of W. P. Bennet & Son, shoe dealers; P. Taylor, & Co. Jewellers; C. B. Brower's hosiery and linen stores; Thomas Watson, shoemaker; Mr. Carter, bookseller; C. J. Blagrove, apothecary; Mr. Blecher, dry goods; Mrs. Godfrey, fancy goods; Mrs. Hempstead, confectionary; Mrs. Bonker and Van Cleve, dry goods; extending on Main street from James to Fulton, and down Fulton to the four story brick store of Mr. Sutton, were wrapped in flames; the great height of Mr. S.'s building stopped it from proceeding further.

SOCRATES, PLATO AND PYTHAGORAS.

In noticing the last Lecture of the Rev. Mr. Bethune, before the Athenian Institute, we have no hesitation in pronouncing it a monument of human skill, argument, profound research, just reflection and intellectual power. The moral opinions of Socrates, Plato and Pythagoras, are ably and lucidly developed; with notices of the lives of those ancient giants of thought and study—while the God-like attributes of Christianity are pointed to, as high and triumphant above them all. A long course of reading would be required by the previously uninformed, to gain the knowledge which is poured out in a full stream in that single lecture, a copious sketch of which will be found in another part of this day's Post.

SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

The tenth Annual Report of the "Female Seamen's Friend Society of Philadelphia" has been published, and presents an account of the operations and prosperity of the Institution, which while it gladdens the heart of the philanthropist, demonstrates the necessity of his continued assistance to a good cause.

THE CLIMAX.

A story told in the Cincinnati Sun certainly puts the climax on the science and practice of impudence. Sheridan, in all his glory, never did any thing which would bear comparison with it. It would seem that a man in Cincinnati, about six months since hired a house of a wealthy landlord, a Mr. Longworth. A few days ago Mr. L., called on his tenant who had not paid one cent of rent, and asked him to leave the house as there were other poor people with whom he ought to take his turn. The fellow probably calculated the cost of moving and the amount he would have to pay in advance before he could get another place, which in all amounted to twelve dollars. This sum Mr. Longworth paid without hesitation, and the man started in quest of a house up town—met Mr. Longworth's agent—agreed for a *better house* than the one he left and moved into it without paying anything in advance.

AN AMERICAN SLAVER.

The Governor of the Colony of Liberia, says the Journal of Commerce, in a despatch addressed to the Executive Committee of the American Colonization Society of the 9th of June last, states that on his arrival at Bassa Cove, which place he visited in February, 1842, he found anchored there a fast sailing schooner belonging to New York. The Captain refused to pay any port charges, in defiance of the authorities, who had no means of forcing a compliance with their regulations. The supercargo of the vessel was a Spaniard. The Governor told him he knew him to be a slaver, and ordered him to leave the settlement. The vessel soon got under way and stood up the coast, but in ten or fifteen days returned, and in twelve hours took in a cargo of 256 slaves and put to sea.

HYDROPHOBIA.

An accidental cure for hydrophobia has been stumbled upon in Europe. At Udina, in Friule, a poor man lying under the frightful tortures of hydrophobia was cured with some draughts of vinegar, given him by mistake instead of another potion. A physician at Padua got intelligence of this event at Udina, and tried the same remedy upon a patient at the hospital, administered to him a pound of vinegar in the morning, another at noon, and a third at sunset, and, the man was speedily and perfectly cured. Should this prove well authenticated, and an actual specific, instead of an accidental relief, great will be the good. And, in a scientific point of view, it may be the means of defining, somewhat, the true character of the disease.

THE PALENQUE RUINS.

The Rev. Dr. Hawkes, who is lecturing in New York on the ruins of Central America, is endeavoring to prove that the temples belonging to Pagans, and the images, or idols, upon them, correspond with the mythology of Asia, so that he is thus connecting by the closest tie, the ancient inhabitants of America and of Asia,—the proof being the idols of both lands. We hope that the learned lecturer may be induced to elaborate and correct his performance for the press. Thousands who cannot hear, would be delighted to read them; and even those who hear the lectures would like calmly to analyse their argument, and weigh their conclusions.

BEAUTIES OF WAR.

The losses of the Chinese, since the commencement of hostile operations against them by the British, are estimated at from fifteen to twenty thousand men, and about eighteen hundred pieces of cannon, with an immense quantity of other materials of war, and the almost total annihilation of their navy. To these evils in the gross, are to be added all the horrors in detail, which as they make no part of the "glory" of war, are ever forgotten in despatches: Women outraged, children killed by their parents to be saved from shame, property wantonly destroyed, and all the evils of anarchy let loose upon horror stricken cities.

WESTERN PENITENTIARY.

The report of the Inspectors of the Western Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, states that there are now confined 163 persons, 4 of whom are females—being an increase of only 2 during the year. The profits arising from the labor of the prisoners are stated at $4,449 86. The Warden reports that of the 68 prisoners received during the year, 10 are temperate, 4 inordinate drinkers, and 54 intemperate. There were five deaths in the prison during the past year—all of consumption. The report speaks very highly of our Penitentiary System, and of the efficacy of solitary confinement.

NOBLE CATTLE.

Quite a sensation was made in Chesnut street on Tuesday, by the promenade of two superb oxen—superb, we mean as "beef creatures," though they were somewhat too plethoric for labor. They are the property of Messrs. Rossman and Tipperharver, of this city, who intend to kill them shortly, and offer the meat for sale, at Nos. 8 and 10, Jersey Market, between Front and Second. One of these noble animals weighed 3930 lbs., and the other about 3900 lbs. They were bred by E. Tomphins, Esq., near Salem, N. J.

MIDSHIPMEN'S DUEL.

A letter received in this city, dated Genoa, November 30th, states that Midshipmen Beers and Cook, both of Philadelphia, recently fought a duel at twelve paces with pistols, and Beers received Cook's ball in his leg. The wound will not prove fatal, and the patient was doing well. The quarrel originated during the reception on board the Columbus, of the Queen of Sardinia—both the young gentlemen being attached to that ship. The parties have been suspended by the Commodore, and it is said will be sent home for trial.

CAUTION.

We have within a short time received several counterfeit fives of the Bank of Auburn, from the State of Illinois—a circumstance which would appear to indicate that distributors of counterfeits upon Eastern money are busy at the West. Among all the spurious money that we have seen, these imitations of the Auburn notes are the most perfect; and our friends at the West cannot look out too sharp for them. We get also an occasional ten on the Leicester, (Mass.) Bank, but the latter are by no means so well executed as the former.

IMPOSITION.

Some one, recently copied a stanza from a poem by Charles Sprague, and sent it to this paper as original. As original it was published. This sort of imposition is of a description the most contemptible, whatever may be the motive of the actor in it. If it be to make the editor appear ridiculous, that end even is not gained. It is no discredit to a man's taste that he knows a bit of poetry is good without knowing who the author was, and that he therefore publishes it without the endorsement of a celebrated poet's name.

BENGAL COTTON.

The hot climate and dry winds of India prove, it is said, insuperable obstacles to the culture of the finer descriptions of American cotton; and American cotton growers have, therefore, little to fear from that quarter for some years to come. In late English papers the experiments which have been undertaken with some parade of preparation, and with more parade of words, are spoken of as complete failures.

REV. T. H. STOCKTON.

We are pleased to see it announced that on Tuesday evening, February 8th, Rev. T. H. Stockton will commence a course of lectures on the "Moral Government of the World, with intimations of its Philosophy and Poetry." These lectures cannot but prove highly interesting, and will command the usual full audiences that wait upon the eloquent orator's addresses.

ON THEIR WAY.

One hundred Indians recently arrived at New Orleans from Florida, in the charge of Lieuts. Britton of the 7th, Johnson of the 8th, and Major Capers, Indian Agent. Among the Indians, are the celebrated Chiefs Tigertail and Octiachevee. There will be a precious lot of combustible material piled up West of the Mississippi after a while.

MEXICO.

We have news from Mexico that a band of Texans have penetrated into the Mexican territory proper, taking one small border town after another, with apparently very little difficulty. The last intelligence represented that the Texians, having been hemmed in by a superior force, had gallantly fought their way out, and were on their retreat.

A NEW ARTIST.

We learn from the Boston Transcript, that Miss Quince, a resident in the town of Beverly, Mass., has modelled some busts in clay, which give promise of great future excellence, if she prosecutes the art. Among her first attempts was a head of Hon. Robert Rantoul, which is pronounced a wonderfully expressive likeness.

WISE.

The New York Common Councils have entered into a contract with a company, who are to keep the streets of that city cleaned for $64,500 per annum for five years. This job has hitherto cost the city an average of $110,000 per annum.

NAVAL MOVEMENTS.

The Army and Navy Chronicle, to which we are indebted for early and generally correct information relative to contemplated movements in both branches of the service, has the following paragraphs:

Active measures are in progress according to general report, which we have no doubt is correct, to place in commission as many vessels of war as are available. The principal dock-yards will soon be alive with the bustle of preparation.

Beginning at the North, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the new and beautiful sloop-of-war Saratoga is now ready for sea; her destination is the coast of Africa.

At Boston, the new brig Bainbridge is nearly ready, and the store ship Eri will sail for the Pacific in the course of the present month. The frigate Cumberland, launched last year, is to be fitted out, and the frigate Potomac is undergoing repairs.

At New York, the new frigate Savannah is in a state of forwardness; the sloop-of-war Vincennes is commissioned; the brig Somers is ready for service; and the brig Porpoise is about to sail for the coast of Africa.

At Norfolk, the frigates Brandywine and Macedonian, the sloops-of-war Levant, Warren, and St. Louis, the store-ship Lexington, and the new brig Truxton, will soon be, if they are not already, in a condition to receive their officers and crews.

It has been intimated that the Brandywine is bound to the East Indies. One or two sloops will also be required for that station, and one or two more for the Pacific.

There are four first class frigates on the stocks, viz., the Santee, at Portsmouth; the Sabine, at New York; the Raritan, at Philadelphia; and the St. Lawrence, at Norfolk; the two last ready for launching.

According to the estimates submitted to Congress, the naval force to be employed during this and the year following will be distributed as following:

	Frigates.	Sloops.	Brigs or schooners.
Mediterranean,	2	3	3
Coast of Brazil,	2	3	3
Pacific Ocean,	1	4	4
East Indies,	1	2	2
Home Squadron,	1	4	4
Coast of Africa,	0	3	4
Whole number,	7	19	20

Of brigs or schooners, there are but nine, exclusive of the Wave and Flirt; leaving eleven to be built or purchased.

STATE TAX—PHILADELPHIA.

The following is a statement of the value of property assessed for State purposes, and the amount of State tax in the city and county of Philadelphia. The value of property is taken from the books of the Assessors for 1842, and the amount of the tax collected in the office of the County Commissioners.

City.—Real estate, $59,504,737; horses and cows, $67,290; personal, $470,251; furniture, $1,862,383 50; carriages, $66,885; emoluments of office, $182,550; moneys at interest, $14,485,216; number of watches, 4012. Aggregate tax, $183,384 90.

Northern Liberties.—Real estate, $9,166,311; horses and cows, $22,227; personal, $139,764; furniture, $116,906; carriages, $9,045; emoluments of office, $8,100; moneys at interest, $1,248,849 16; number of watches, 600. Aggregate amount of tax, $24,856 11.

Spring Garden.—Real estate, $8,644,645; horses and cows, $15,610; personals, $81,940; furniture, $117,526; carriages, $6,555; emoluments of office, $38,725; moneys at interest, $739,437 66; number of watches, 451. Aggregate amount of tax, $22,199 06.

Kensington.—Real estate, $3,799,709; horses and cows, $14,825; personals, $41,670; furniture, $6,600; carriages, $2,230; emoluments of office, $4,180; moneys at interests, $77,028 45; number of watches, 96. Aggregate tax, $8,563 90.

Southwark.—Real estate, $5,636,914 56; horses and cows, $7,850; personals, $65,340; furniture, $21,365; carriages, 945; emoluments of office, $15,170; moneys at interest, $289,982 56; number of watches, 142. Aggregate tax, $13,724 30.

Moyamensing.—Real estate, $2,307,436; horses and cows, $7,950; personals, $17,132; furniture, $10,259; carriages, $490; emoluments of office, $21; moneys at interest, $60,686; number of watches, 68. Aggregate amount of tax, $5,194 86.

The several Townships.—Real estate, $12,958,090; horses and cows, $227,276; personals, $155,375; furniture, $89,689; carriages, $34,952; emoluments of office, $10,178; moneys at interest, $1,802,195 86; number of watches, 455. Aggregate tax, $34,688 46.

Aggregate Assessment in the city and county.—Real estate, $102,212,106 56; horses and cows, $363,018; personals, $970,582; furniture, $2,026,729 50; carriages, $120,202; emoluments of office, $258,932; moneys at interest, $18,730,196 63; whole number of watches, 5824; upon which the total amount of tax is $292,551 63.

POSTSCRIPT.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE CALEDONIA.

NINETEEN DAYS LATER.

The Steamship Caledonia, Captain Lott, arrived at Boston on Wednesday morning at 7 o'clock, bringing Liverpool and London dates to the 4th. The Steamship was delayed by encountering boisterous gales, but came through in safety.

There appears to be no news from England of an important commercial or political character.

The total cotton sales of the year 1842, at Liverpool, are estimated at 1,417,450 bags, inclusive of 11,160 Sea Island, 3,290 stained, and 316,850 Upland, 565,570 New Orleans, and 228,560 Mobile and Alabama. The sales to the same period of 1841 were estimated at 1,274,940 bags. There were taken on speculation to 30th December, 1842, 253,520 bales, and in the year 1841, 165,300 bales. Prices are the same as reported by the steamer of the 4th December, though during the month the trade has much improved.

Of provisions, the Liverpool trade reports remark: The trade in American provisions being yet a new one, the retrospect of the past year affords no sure data on which to offer an opinion as to future prospects. Since the 2d ult., the demand for Beef and Pork has been very limited, and the quotations may be considered as nearly nominal. Some new States Beef in tierces was taken on arrival at a high figure. The Stock in bond at this date consists of 7,578 barrels Beef, and 8,512 barrels Pork.

Dry hams are inquired for. Wet are difficult to sell, and there is room for much improvement in the mode of curing this article. Fine cheese is in fair request, but the middling and low qualities are slow of sale. The stock in this article consists of 233 tons. Lard is in light stock, and the next arrivals will sell readily.

By the burning of a four story house in Prescott street, London, several persons lost their lives—probably one half of the tenants, twenty-five in number, perished.

Late in the month of December, Liverpool suffered from another destructive fire. A turpentine distillery, two large warehouses, full of goods, and some smaller buildings, were entirely consumed. It spread till the principal buildings included within that arena, no less than 3300 square yards in extent, were destroyed. The amount of loss is not stated—the property was insured to the amount of £50,000.

The events of the past month have been of a chequered, yet of an uninteresting character. The prospects of improvement in trade, although not brilliant, are nevertheless cheering. In the manufacturing districts activity prevails, and it is confidently expected that the opening of the Chinese ports will, before long, afford the manufacturers full employment.

Parliament is summoned to meet on the 2d of February. Sir Robert Peel, it is expected, will introduce a salutary and wholesale alteration of the restrictions by which trade is fettered. With characteristic caution, he has carefully abstained from divulging a hint of his purpose or his plans. The opening of the session is most anxiously awaited.

The stoppage of the Yorkshire Agricultural and Commercial Bank, at York, was announced in the last week of December, and caused a great commotion in that city, at Leeds and elsewhere. There was very little chance of a resumption of payment, and the most serious consequences were apprehended. A meeting of the shareholders had been held, at which it was found that the whole capital of the bank, £211,000 was lost, and about $100,000 besides. The liabilities amounted to £170,000.

The Great Western Steamer, it is said, has been purchased by Mehemet Ali, who intends to convert her into a steam frigate.

The news from China is no later than we have already published. From the continent the intelligence is unimportant. In Spain, Barcelona has quietly surrendered to Espartero. In France new suspicions of revolutionary movements are entertained—of course.

The line of French mail steam-packets to cross the Atlantic, will, it is expected, commence running next June. The packets will be fourteen in number; they are built to carry forty guns each, and will belong to the French Government. The French port selected for the packet station is Cherbourg. Four of the steamers will run to and from New York, and the rest will convey mails and passengers to and from France and the West Indies, Brazils and the Gulf of Mexico. The fares for passengers will be considerably less than the charges of the English West India Mail Steam Packet Company. A vessel has already been despatched to make the necessary arrangements at the various stations and routes selected for the French packets.

Popular Lectures.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

The lecture on Friday evening, the 20th inst., before the Mercantile Library Company, was by Charles Ingersoll, Esq.: Subject, "A Day in Ancient Rome." The address was one of the best of the season. Departing from the usual track pursued by lecturers, who too often only repeat what we have learned at school, or can find on every library table, he gave an animated and picturesque description of the habits, manners, personal appearance, and general mode of life among the Romans. He described them as scrupulously neat in their persons, but astonishingly dirty in their private houses. The kitchen had a hole in the roof for a chimney: thus the smoke usually wandered off into the other rooms. A perfect equality existed among the *citizens*, and the Emperor and the poorest Roman met on the same footing at the baths. The slaves far exceeded in number the freemen, and to the former were confined nearly all the manual occupations. Even the practice of the fine arts was considered beneath the dignity of a Roman. Few citizens, who could afford it, were without a villa, for the love of country life was a passion with them. Of the dress of the Romans a good idea may be obtained from the statues of their eminent men. They wore no hat, but used the toga to keep off the sun and rain. The life of the Roman began sometimes by a slight repast, though usually he eat nothing until noon. His morning was occupied in devotions to the gods, visiting his patron, or, if rich and powerful,—almost synonymous terms in the last days of Rome—in holding a levee for his followers, who were called clients. He then visited the Forum, and other public places, where daily all the citizens assembled, for the Romans spent the chief portion of their time in the streets.

The Romans were at first a poor people, but gradually through their conquests became wealthy. In all physical exercises they were well instructed; and no men made better soldiers. Their invincible courage, amounting even to obstinacy, saved the republic in some of its worst emergencies. This spirit of unyielding firmness they carried to such a height that when Hannibal, after crossing the Alps, and ravaging Italy to the gates of Rome, had pitched his camp before that city, the ground on which his army rested was sold in the beleaguered town at auction, and brought enormous prices—so confident was every citizen that the invader would yet be scourged from the soil. A Roman scorned the opinions of foreigners. To the sensitiveness evinced by the Americans he was a stranger. Another characteristic of the Romans was a custom among their citizens of leaving legacies to public men. Many grew rich thus by the bounty of others.

We incline to think, however, that Mr. Ingersoll was erroneous in one or two of his assertions. In describing Rome, as she was under the first of the

My report to the Secretary was intended to be a full history of all the proceedings on board the Somers, for his information alone, and was far, very far, from being framed with any direct view to my own vindication.

I proceed, then, under the permission of the Court, to submit the following facts and considerations as the reasons that chiefly determined my conduct. How far their reality or sufficiency is established by the evidence, are questions that, without a single remark, I shall leave to the judgment of the Court.

First, I was influenced by my deep conviction of the reality of the plot disclosed by Mr. Spencer to Mr. Wales. Although I received the first communication with incredulity, yet when I reflected upon the earnest and solemn manner in which the disclosure was made, and the strong impression of the reality and imminence of the danger made upon the mind of Mr. Wales himself, my doubts vanished, and my mind was filled with the most earnest solicitude to discover and adopt the proper means for arresting the horrors with which we were threatened. I at once determined to adopt no measure but after mature deliberation, to shrink from none that the preservation of the lives of those entrusted to my care, the honor of my country and my sense of duty should demand. Whether the influence of this determination is not apparent in all my subsequent acts, I submit to the judgment of the Court. I believed then in the existence of a plot in which, by the declaration of Mr. Spencer, at least twenty of the crew were concerned. The nature of this plot, involving the murder of the officers and a large portion of the crew, and the commission of almost every crime, convinced me that those who had agreed to it were capable of carrying it into execution and committing any atrocity. This opinion was further confirmed by my previous knowledge of the depraved character of the crew, and by the fact that many of them, although men in strength and size, were still boys in age, and consequently would be little likely to resist temptation and more easily allured by the pleasures held out to them as accompanying the life of a pirate. Having stated the reasons which produced the conviction in my mind of the existence of the plot, it only remains for me to state those which induced me to change my original determination to bring the prisoners to the United States for trial, and to deem their immediate execution necessary.

I was influenced—First, by the insubordination of the crew, manifested after we left the coast of Africa, and very much increased after the arrest of the prisoners; their gloomy and angry looks, their secret conferences, broken off when an officer appeared; their increased reluctance in the performance of their duty; the actual disobedience of some; the attempt of several to communicate with the prisoners. All these circumstances convinced me that there was danger of a rescue, and that this scheme was in constant agitation.

Secondly, by the uncertainty under which we labored as to the extent of the mutiny, and the inutility and danger of attempting to ascertain, by an examination of the crew, how many were to be relied on. Let us suppose that the whole crew had been examined, and all had protested their innocence and ignorance; could we have believed and trusted them? Would the uncertainty have been removed or diminished? On the contrary, would not the universal denial have increased and justified our suspicions of universal guilt? We must still have believed that many were guilty and could not have known that any were innocent. If the examination had resulted in the discovery of the certain guilt of many of the suspected, our difficulties would have been still greater. To confine and guard them was impossible. To leave them at large, with a knowledge that their guilt

U. S. Revenue.—For the fourth quarter of the year the cash receipts at the several ports returned, amount to $4,552,735,97. The cash duties were $2,116,270 72. From bonds, $1,496,868 24. The partial returns of the land revenue amount to $254,513 97. The estimated amount of what has not been received, is $110,426 38. Total, $364,940 35.

Depreciation.—The United States Hotel on Fulton street, New York, between Pearl and Water street, was sold at auction on Saturday on foreclosure of a mortgage for $140,000 to the N. Y. Life and Trust Company. There was but one bid and it was struck off at $100,000 to the gentleman who held the mortgage.

Mistake.—It is stated in the New York Journal of Commerce, that an error of one thousand years has been discovered by Mr. Miller in his calculations touching the end of the world. We do do not know whether it is plus or minus. It is possible that the world outlived its proper time by a thousand years.

Pottsville.—Seventy-two buildings were erected in the borough of Pottsville during the past year, besides fourteen houses in Mount Carbon, and eight on the borders of the borough, more than double the number erected in any one year during the past five years. This is not so bad in such hard times.

Baltimore.—In the city of Baltimore, during the year 1842, there were 2656 deaths—males 1423, females 1283; of whom 696 were blacks. 981 were under two years of age. 480 died of consumption; 26 were drowned; 98 died of old age; only 1 died of small pox; and but 5 committed suicide.

Massachusetts Savings Banks.—The number of depositors in the Massachusetts Savings Banks during the last year, was 42,687, the amount of deposites, $6,900,451 76, the dividends for the year $282,231 18. In 1836, the amount of deposites in those institutions were only $69,392 50.

Washington City.—During the year 1842, there were erected in the city of Washington 295 dwellings, (82 brick, 213 wooden) 14 shops, and 21 additions. During the same year, there were 341 deaths in the city, of which number, 66, or nearly one-fifth, were by consumption.

Grave Charges.—The Cherokee Council have passed a resolution calling upon John Ross for a settlement of his accounts with the Nation. He is accused of having defrauded the Nation of an immense sum of money, and great excitement is expected to grow out of this proceeding.

Release.—Joe Smith, the Mormon, who was charged as accessory before the fact, to the attempted murder of ex-Governor Boggs, of Missouri, has been discharged. The judge before whom the case was carried decided that there was no color of a pretence by which to hold him.

Gen. McDougall and Col. Hepburn.—The Court at Columbus was occupied three days with the trial of Gen. McDougall, then the case went to the jury.

☞ The whole number of persons confined in Massachusetts for debt, during the year ending Nov. 1, 1842, was 712; for crimes 3333, 890 of whom were females.

Boston.—A company has been formed to introduce pure water into Boston from Spot Pond—the city in its corporate capacity not being willing to undertake it.

☞ Col. A. Neill, one of the Texan prisoners captured at San Antonio, escaped from his keepers, and has arrived at New Orleans.

☞ Boots for ladies are now made of India rubber, requiring neither lacing nor buttoning, and exactly fitting the foot.

☞ A Madrid paper gives the mulatto slaves in the Island of Cuba, at 10,974—the black slaves at 425,521.

☞ The emigrants from Belfast, during the last three years, amounted to 18,840.

Local Intelligence.

Election of Bank Directors.—The following gentlemen were elected Bank Directors by the Legislature on Wednesday of last week. The Senate elected—

For the Bank of Pennsylvania—Joseph H. Newbold and Wm. J. Leiper were elected.

For the Philadelphia Bank—Edward S. Mott and Daniel P. Bussier were elected.

For the Columbia Bridge Company—Samuel Humes and James Cresson were elected.

In the House of Representatives the following gentlemen were elected Bank Directors—

For the Bank of Pennsylvania—C. Wallace Brooke and Wm. Geise were elected.

For the Philadelphia Bank—Henry M. Phillips and Alexander Cummings were elected.

For the Columbia Bridge Company—John P. Huston and Robert Boyd were elected.

Fire.—On Tuesday evening, the upper part of the building on the south-east corner of Third and Chesnut streets, was considerably injured by fire. It was, however, soon subdued. There happened to be a jewellers shop in the same neighborhood, and the next day some rascally boys drove a great trade in brass rings, which they pretended were gold and lost in the confusion. The buyers were justly bitten.

Court Martial.—A Court Martial has been in session for several days at the Navy Yard in this city, in the case of Lieut. Tansill, of the marines. The charges are falsehood and unofficer-like conduct, in the writing and publishing of certain letters reflecting on Lieut. McLaughlin, while both were engaged in the Florida War, and the case reads very much like a libel trial.

Custom House Confirmations.—The Evening Journal says, "we have letters from Washington, which speak with confidence of the confirmation of Judge Sutherland to the situation of Naval Officer by the Senate, and of a greater probability of Mr. Smith's

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Remittals must always state the Post office formed, or can, so as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World of Fashion:

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Connecticut, Ohio, is my Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, assisted by *James Hooker, Jun. R. Smith, G. H. Constable, and Henry Mercer, Esqrs.*

HENRY M. LEWIS is canvassing for us in Kentucky.

ISRAEL T. HOPPER is my Agent for the Northern and South-Western States and *Florida*, assisted by *James K. Hopper, Wm. H. Wild, G. H. P. Howe, and Wm. Peet.*

WILLIAM A. PIERCE, collects for us in Pennsylvania, assisted by James Pierce.

SAMUEL H. PETTEWAY, for Kentucky.

JAS. F. EASTON is collecting for us in Missouri, Illinois, and the adjacent States.

ALANSON BILLINGS, of Nashville, Tenn., is duly authorized to obtain new subscribers to Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World. *Single copies may also be had at his store in Nashville.*

Notices of New Works.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, *February*, 1843.—We issue for February a double number of Graham's Magazine, with three *splendid steel* engravings. Two of them, "The Captive," and "The Signal," we may safely affirm, are the most exquisite that have appeared in the magazines, and equal to the choicest of the London Annual plates. We have a series of most beautiful plates, which we shall continue during the volume for 1843.

The literary matter of this number is of the highest order, from the pen of J. Fenimore Cooper, Professor Longfellow, Richard H. Dana, Dr. Reynell Coates, N. P. Willis, Frances S. Osgood, C. F. Hoffman, H. W. Herbert, J. K. Paulding, H. H. Weld, Park Benjamin, H. S. Tuckerman, etc., etc. The number contains eighty-four pages of reading matter, all original, many of them of unusual length, at a high price, the cost of *literary matter alone* of the present number was over $500. We append the following notices of the work:

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, *for February.*—When we noticed "Graham" for January, we suspected that its splendid embellishments and admirable literary contents had been prepared to serve a purpose at the beginning of a new year and a new subscription list. We were in error. The February number is not only superior in all respects to that for January, but is altogether the finest specimen of a magazine ever printed in this country. Even "William Blackwood & Sons" might spread its pages before the world a collection of articles in a single month, Cooper, Longfellow, Dana, Coates and Mercier, all of whom write for Graham exclusively; and Willis, Park Benjamin, Whittaker, Herbert, Hoffman, and some dozen others, have articles in the present number. "How to keep Bad Children and Wives;" "The Fire Doomed," by Cozzo; "The Autobiography of a Thief;" and "The Enchanted Gun," by Hoffman, are the best stories. "The Incendiary," by "A Committee," is a scorching reply to some passages of the article in Lowell's "Conservative" on "Capital Punishment." "Lines on the Old Year" are by Cooper, Longfellow, Dana, Willis, Hoffman, Herbert, Coates, Lowell, Weld, Tuckerman, Osgood, Chewer, Benjamin, Mercier, and Osgood, who impart life and interest to pages of this popular periodical. To correspond with the quantity and quality of its contents, three embellishments adorn the present number. "The Captive" and "The Signal" are a highly finished engraving on steel, by Rawdon & Co., of a beautiful picture: "The Captive," by Chapman, is another of great delicacy and beauty. The plate "Children Taken by Gipsies" is from Mazell, though not as fine an engraving, is a handsome picture. This number is quite a volume in size, containing eighty-four pages of reading, all of which is original. Mr. Graham's magazine deserves all its success, and he certainly stands all competition in every department of his Magazine.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

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Religious Intelligence.

☞ We learn that the Rev. D. T. Bedell, of Trinity Church, West Chester, has accepted the Rectorship of the Church of the Ascension, New York. This Church was vacated by the election of Dr. Eastburn, its Rector, to be Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the diocese of Massachusetts.

☞ The unhappy misunderstanding which has for some time past existed between the Catholic Bishop and Clergy of New Orleans, and the Warden of the St. Louis Cathedral, is at length terminated to the entire satisfaction of all parties. The Cathedral is to be opened for divine service again.

☞ The nominees of the Methodist Church in Boston, have more than quadrupled in the last fifteen years—more than trebled within the last ten years, and more than doubled within the last five years.

But a new era has been reached by the appointment of Mr. Hawkins—on one side, and Mr. Bedell, the master of knowledge, to have offered, and those members of the profession who willingly refuse to embrace it, scarcely deserve the patronage of their neighborhood. When we consider how very much good (and of these of very limited extent,) have been published in the United States, we may safely say, no medical library can be complete without a leader one, by complete perfect this work; and we confess, we should place more confidence in the physician, whom we might have occasion to consult for any disease of the eyes, were we assured he possessed a well thumbed copy of Hays's Lawrence; and perhaps we might be induced to place more confidence in the fact—than in the book.

The volume is full on all points, and contains all the new, at present known, in relation to the subject: and there is a perfect propriety not only from his own stores of knowledge, but also from those of European and American writers of eminence.

The chapter on Ophthalmia, and that in diseases of the cyes, the operation for squinting is fully described; and it appears from the testimony of various authorities that it is far from being invariably successful. Perhaps not more than one-half of those operated on in Europe have been very materially benefited; although with this operation we are not aware of accidents exhibited in crowds in the knife, every case was boasted as a perfect cure. The correctness of this statement will not be questioned by any reader, for it is considered, that such a mania has prevailed among some surgeons for operating, that they have seized upon every case, that came in their way, and operated everywhere. *the greater number of cases have fallen under the knife of unprincipled operators, attracted by the high fees obtainable on cases widely circulated in the public papers, with the certificates of cures given in them by those they had duped.*

The typographical part of the volume is creditable to the publishers. The engravings are by Gilbert, and of course well executed. The type is of good size, and there is a copious index as well as table of contents, which makes the work one of easy reference.

THE ARTIST: A MONTHLY LADY'S BOOK. *Philadelphia, E. Barrett street.*—The January number of the new monthly Magazine has been before us for some days. It is embellished with an elegant steel plate of engravings, painted in various colors. Mr. Queen, the publisher, is a gentleman of excellent taste and of great talent in his profession. The present number is a beautiful specimen of what he does, etc., are the neatest and handsomest that appear anywhere. He has, we believe, furnished all the embellishments of his magazine for the present volume. The typography of the work is excellent. The fashion plates are got up with more than usual neatness, and the reader will find much interesting design that we have seen, and altogether the work is such as to deserve and secure patronage.

GODEY'S HISTORY OF EUROPE.—*New York Harper & Brothers.*—The fifth number of this series completes the first volume of the three, and the bookbinders in this city have already discovered that it will be the rush of subscribers to get the work bound. It brings the history of Europe down to the appointment of Napoleon as First Consul; and is filled with matter of deep interest, and quite as attractive as the text. It is beautifully printed. Perkins & Purves, Burgess & Ziebet, and Geo. S. Appleton have the agency in this city.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, *for February*, comes out with four prints, and forty-eight pages. Among the prints we find "The Shepherd"—a very pretty lady (barring her curls) elegantly engraved on steel by Ellis. The elopement is a good picture; but we cannot say that of the two children, lithographed and colored after Sir Thos. Lawrence. The fashion plate is well designed. Several of the stories are excellent: we have copied one of the best, Willis, Du Forest, Elliot, Hale and others contribute to the number.

MISSIONARIA AND ANNUAL—*By J. Baillie Fraser—Family Library, No. 137—New York: Harper & Brothers—Philadelphia: Perkins & Purves.*—This history extends from the earliest ages of which we have any record, down to the present time, is succinctly narrated, and in many places eloquently written; and compares the theories of other writers with much apparent impartiality, and evident research. The whole is accompanied with a map and several engravings.

SERIALS.—From Messrs. Burgess & Ziebet we have received the first number of the *Temperance Harp*, a Three Penneh Recitation, No. 9; *The Abbott*, one of Scott's best: Henrietta Temple, by D'Israeli; Gallery of Pictures: "The Captive;" "The Signal;" the same, is another of great delicacy and beauty. The plate "Children Taken by Gipsies" is from Mazell, though not as fine an engraving, is a handsome picture. This number is quite a volume in size, containing eighty-four pages of reading, all of which is original. Mr. Graham's magazine deserves all its success, and he certainly stands all competition in every department of his Magazine.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

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Army & Navy.

☞ The U. S. ship Vincennes, is now lying at anchor off the Battery at New York, ready for a cruise, and she is only detained by the absence of one of her officers, who is now in attendance at the Court Martial in session at the Navy Yard, in this city. The command has been given to Captain Franklin Buchanan.

THE MARINE CORPS.—A bill has been reported by the Naval Committee of the U. S. Senate, augmenting the U. S. Marine corps, by an addition of five hundred privates, to be obtained by enlistment for five years.

THE ARMY AND NAVY.—The Alexandria Gazette says:—"We are informed that the reported order from General Scott, from the command of the Pacific squadron, is not correct. It is not yet known what course the Mexican government may take or what course our government may pursue in the matter."

CHEROKEE LETTER.—We learn from the Army and Navy Chronicle that the President has remitted the unexpired term of the sentence of misdemeanor upon Commander W. K. Latimer, of the Navy, and he is now "waiting orders."

☞ The Rev. C. S. Stewart, of the United States Navy, has received orders for the chaplaincy of the United States ship North Carolina, the flag ship of the New York station.

☞ Captain David Conner, has resigned the office of Chief of the Bureau of Construction, Equipment and Repair, in consequence of the impaired state of his health.

☞ The U. S. Revenue Cutter Van Buren, W. W. Polk, Esq. Commanding, arrived at Savannah, on the 7th instant from a cruise.

Congress News.

We announced last week the passage, by the House, of a bill to repeal the Bankrupt Law. We finally dispose of the matter, a motion to reconsider the vote was made by Mr. Proffit. Pending this motion to reconsider, Mr. Cushing made a speech in reply to remarks which had been made upon his course by gentlemen. He disputed the construction which had been made of some of his speeches, and said that the question with certain gentlemen is not what is for the good of the country, but what is for the good of the party. He denied that a majority of the people of the United States were in favor of a National Bank; and therefore the Whigs had no cause of distrust or complaint in the Executive's opposition to a Bank charter. Mr. C. said that a party was an association of men banded together for political purposes, and when he saw this association of gentlemen in the fact that these parties were in pursuit of power, and the election of their favorite for the Presidency, and when he saw the Whig party organized in this manner, and the Sub-Treasury on the other—he refused to be crushed together with the Administration, because he was no lover of either pill-system—nor fancied he would call them.

Mr. Cushing was followed by Mr. Pennybacker and Mr. Garrett Davis in reply, and at last Mr. Marshall obtained the floor. He spoke, at first, of the Bankrupt law, but speedily diverged upon the causes of the dissolution of Mr. Wise and, of the Whig party. Mr. Cushing, he said, had to day thrown new light upon the causes of this result. According to him it was the conflict of Judge Taney and Daniel Webster, with Henry Clay. "The fixed constitutional fact," had been swayed against the united patriotism, and the brawn and fat men, Congress, have neither principles nor measures, but Mr. Tyler has. That he will give his support to either branch of the Democratic party, for they are two—which will support him. Mr. M. said the principles advocated by this administration, and developed as we have here seen, are the very worst that ever was or could be sustained.

Mr. Marshall then proceeded to eulogize Daniel Webster as the Senator. He gave a character which has never been exceeded in eloquence by this truly eloquent speaker, and went to a length of eulogy which would have been unbecoming in the mouth of most other men. His praise, however, came down only to the time when Mr. Webster entered the cabinet of Gen. Harrison. Marshall was preparing to give a sketch of Mr. Webster the Secretary of State, as an anti-climax; when, much to the chagrin of all parties in the House, who wished to hear the conclusion of such a commencement, Mr. Proffit brought the speech down by withdrawing his motion for a reconsideration. No one could move to—and so the vote of the House to repeal the Bankrupt Law stands as given. The bill was sent to the Senate, and on Friday referred, in that body to the Committee on the Judiciary, whose report had not transpired when this account was prepared.

On Monday, the leading topic of interest has been the Oregon Question. Little was done with it but to add several to the passage of arms between the partizan documents in the War Department. On Monday two communications were received one in relation to the Boundary of Oregon, and the other in the case of the orders of the day were called, and, Mr. Morehead having the floor, the Oregon matter was taken up. He addressed the Senate in favor of the Oregon occupation presented any just cause of offence to England. He said that the Government of Great Britain, through the Hudson Bay Company had taken practical possession of the territory by the erection of forts, &c.; and that the company chartered in the reign of Charles the 2d for the purpose of trading exclusively had directed its attention to purposes entirely different.

The Company was exclusively British in its character and its feeling. It possessed the minds of all agents in the country. It influenced the Indians against them. It pursued our traders, undermined them, drove them from the coast, and every thing bore a resemblance of the tyranny of old. The spirit of the treaty was violated over and over again every year, and in the most palpable manner. The treaty, too, said that the occupation should be a joint possession. Its spirit was not so, for the reason that the Company, sustained and protected as it was by the British Government alone, refused all trade and communication.

Mr. Morehead went further, and contended that Great Britain had exercised her jurisdiction over the whole territory occupied by the Hudson's Bay Company. Joint occupation with Great Britain was exclusive jurisdiction, and that Government had practically violated the provisions of the treaty by the course she had pursued. Villages had been built and fortifications erected, forts had been established and garrisoned. In protecting the Hudson's Bay Company, Great Britain had been guilty of a violation of treaty. the Government. In Navigation, in Agriculture, in Commerce, she exercised jurisdiction.

It was time, Mr. Morehead thought, that the United States should make up to her interests. She had not violated the treaty—not the spirit of the treaty, but he would follow the spirit of the treaty, but he would follow the spirit of the treaty. The country not be settled without the occupancy of the territory. Settlers to whose guard of land would be the result. He would say to the American settlers that they should have the protection of their soil or soon the spirit would be wrested from them.

Mr. M. said he was not one of those who clamored against England, nor was he one of those who would push matters to the issue of war. He was for peace: war the spirit, the policy, the good sense of the nation, was against war, but he was jealous of England. She was increasing her power over whole portions of the Government. In Navigation, in Agriculture, in Commerce, she exercised jurisdiction.

It was time, Mr. Morehead thought, that the United States should make up to her interests. She had not violated the treaty—not

Gems from the Poets.

THE MAID'S LAMENT.

BY WALTER S. LANDOR.

I loved him not; and yet, now he is gone,
I feel I am alone.
I check'd him while he spoke; yet, could he speak,
Alas! I would not check.
For reasons not to love him once I sought,
And wearied all my thought
To find out all his faults; I sure would give
All I now live
To call back yesterday, that I may tell
How well I love him well.
He bid me forget the charms of dress:
I wore for him, my lovers;
What counsel his for me! I put on mine own,
And this late lesson learn:
With nothing lent, learning it up in sleep,
And waking me to mourn.
Tears then had washed his memory better, the pure
Of eye to see more sure!
Merciful God! such was his latest prayer,
"These may she never shun!"
Question'd his messenger his last request:
Sent back those words unknown!
Where then, oh! where shall the shorn lamb go,
Pray for him, gentle ewes, when ye pass by,
And oh! pray, too, for me!

Popular Lectures.

THE ATHENIAN INSTITUTE.

THE REV. DR. BETHUNE'S THIRD LECTURE.

(EXPRESSLY REVISED FOR THIS PAPER.)

The Moral Opinions of Socrates, Plato and Pythagoras—With some Notice of their Lives and General Philosophy.

During the forty years in which the brilliant genius of Pericles directed the culture of Athens, she developed a glory from the spoils of war, the wealth of commerce, the inventions of art, and the refinements of literature, poetry and philosophy. The population of Athens and Attica at the period of which we speak, was about 500,000, while of the free citizens, only 21,000 were capable of bearing arms. Under such circumstances, the wealth usually enrolled on by foreigners, fostered it resided in Athens—labor and trade being considered the monopoly of the Athenians, who at the same time found employment in war. Painting, sculpture, architecture, poetry and philosophy flourished in a greater degree of perfection than in any country, while the taste and skill in delicate were naturally and highly cultivated by the orators, who sought to flatter or control the democratic will in public assemblies. Nor in any country, were there so many eminent statesmen, philosophers, orators, sculptors and painters, as graced Athens during the age of Pericles, and the century of the Athenians was low. Truth and virtue, it was true, were lauded on great occasions, but little practiced—religious impressions seemed to make the worse appear the better reason. The tragic drama alone sustained the tide of popular corruption—impressing the Athenians with the fearful truth of the moral corruption, Socrates alone shone as a clear star in the midst of the surrounding darkness, and he appeared in a season when democracy, and opinions of philosophy must be approached with a reverence approaching to awe. His motive—his good of his country—was honest, his end—happiness to the difficulty so strong; his knowledge of the Deity, and a future state of the immortality of the soul were so clear; while his principles for the government of men were so consistent, and he died with a martyr's dignity—that we would almost think him other than inspired by Heaven, as Plato, his pupil, in current accounts, has become. Was born at Athens, 470, B. C., and was the son of the sculptor Sophroniscus. He exercised his father's profession at first, but even grew tired of it, and, charmed with the object of improving mankind, and promoting philosophy. As a citizen he was exemplary, and bore several times in defense of the public liberty.

None could have been free from affection. He was no plain, in living simple. Courteous in his manner, he offered insults in vain, and when he received them, the only sentiment inspired in his mind, was commiseration for who received him evil for good. When he served as the life of Athenians, by his courage in the field, he afterward placed the crown on the brow of his youthful companion. He also saved Xenophon by his valor in a retreat; he never advocated violent remedies; and virtue he inculcated as the duty of every man in every day life. He never desired degradation; and he met with an acknowledgment that all knowledge is comparative ignorance; while he conducted and closed his inquiries in the same humble spirit. He had no contempt for the common people, and conversed alike with the mechanic in his workshop, the soldier in his tent, and the traveller by the wayside. His death was sublime. With words of forgiveness to the weeping genius who handed him the fatal cup, he took it and drank of the contents, as if he were drinking a health. He then walked the floor of the cell, conversing with his friends on philosophy, the gods and a future state. When he felt the torpor of the poison creeping along his veins, he wrapped his mantle around him to conceal his agonies from his remaining friends—and calmly laid down, and slept in death. Socrates wrote nothing of his philosophy, yet his oral teaching, free from all scientific restraints, commanded strongly with the pompous lectures of most of the philosophers, and with these all, with the charlatanism of the Sophists, who hated him. By his philosophy, Socrates understood the pursuit of virtue. We were indebted for his doctrines and opinions to his two disciples, Xenophon and Plato. The testimony of Plato was not so certain as we could wish; for from having afterwards adopted in part the Pythagorean philosophy, he became perhaps unwisely anxious to lend his master's opinions to those of his own school. Socrates, even as he lifetime, saw the probability of this, when he exclaimed, "I grieve, how young men endure to hear me." Xenophon was a faithful Socratic, and the Memorabilia of Xenophon formed the most excellent embodiment of ancient wisdom that had reached us. The standard against Socrates were written long after those contained, and the latter only noticed them, to give them to the world. In his philosophy, he believed in a Supreme God, and the lectures which he delivered in a Supreme Council, and in the "Supreme God of the Universe." " " that he "preserved unfailing vigor," and that "one mental sight could not reach his distance." As Socrates might have learned much on the point, it was said, from Anaxagoras; but it should be remembered that a belief in an original God was held by men in his earliest state.

Socrates detested the being of God from the foolish supposition that concerned it; and it was sufficient that if he believed in Providence, he believed in the heathen gods as angels or agents of the Supreme God. "Man" as he said "is not the greatest of beings; in the same manner doth God govern the universe." Again—"the gods observe all our actions, and possess a knowledge of our most secret words, and they are present in our deliberations." In speaking of natural theology, he argued very much as Paley did. In speaking of Providence, he was of opinion that the gods have ordained all these things, and he referred to the necessary punishment and rewards of a future state, as necessary for the moral government of crime and promotion of morality. Providence was always a favorite theme: for he had a firm faith in the rule of Him, who was the enlightener of men, the Superintending God." He told Aristodeus to pray, not for such things as we ourselves thought good, but for such things as God thought good for us." Whether Socrates believed that he was attended by a Demon or familiar Spirit, has caused much argument. Some have considered the assertion that he possessed such existence; while others deemed it altogether fabulous; but it was certain that Socrates thought himself under the influence of a Supernatural Power, and in the immortality of the soul, and a future existence, and he separated this future existence from the absurdities of the heathen belief. He believed that the future state of rewards and punishments—that men who were good should be blessed forever. He considered that man's highest duty consisted in government and control of his own passions, in temperance and energy—in his neighbor, justice; and that the best worship of God was Virtue, or doing all the good we power. Socrates had left no written memorials—the misery that the divine resistance was necessary to teach us the way of virtue that leads to happiness. In dialogue with Callicles he said, "I am not ignorant that necessary to pray, till one shall teach you duties to God and man." Aristocles asked—"When then, that time comes shall we know it?" To this which Socrates replied: "He will do it, who teaches over you."

Now the close of the same argument, Alcibiades observed—"Let him come at once. I deliver myself up to him." Socrates said, "In not desire it. That Governor has a tender regard for you." Plato appeared to have gone further in the early books of his Republic, for he there said—"A just man will be scourged, tormented, bound and have his eyes put out; and having endured all manner of evil, will be crucified." The whole passage showed that this just man would be a Messenger from God. The learned in many observed that he did not find a moment regard for justice as a property, but as a strange colored dress with the Cretans, sometimes concerning the Laws of Righteousness. There is a remarkable hymn by Cleanthes, which is as follows:

"And you, great Source of eternal day, &c., &c."

Such was a brief sketch of Socrates' life and character—and he seemed to express his emotion and sentiments concerning him; and he would leave this great philosopher to the feelings of the reader. But we might observe that Socrates—namely—that the light he forged to use, shone for us. The school of Socrates did not long survive him, except through Xenophon and a few disciples, who were scattered by Lysander and a few disciples, who were scattered by the tyranny that arose out of it, was the Eclectic.

Plato was born in Egina, 430 B.C. His true name was Aristocles, but he was called Plato, from the breadth of his shoulders. He was descended on his mother's side from the royal family of Athens, and on his father's from that of Solon. It was related that when an infant, in Hymettus, bees clustered around his mouth, foreboding to initiate his eloquence. He promised much, and gave himself entirely to the study of the arts, painting, music, poetry and gymnastics. He composed tragedies, and was about to enter the vast and noble genius with enthusiasm for the sublime and beautiful. The lectures of Socrates were the means of directing the energies of Plato. After the death of his master, he went through Greece; also to Egypt, where he obtained much knowledge from the Egyptians and other philosophers of the east. He returned to Athens, and opened a school in the Academy, and there continued for 20 years, with the exception of a short visit to Sicily, to the court of Dionysius the younger, king of Syracuse. And after being of essential service to that monarch, his love of justice drew upon him the most serious troubles.

At Athens, he founded a school, and gave lectures in a garden on a spot purchased for the use of the philosophers—hence called the Academy—or the groves of the Academy. The beauty, solidness, purity and sublimity of the style of Plato's compositions were largely and ably commented on by Dr. Bethune, Cicero said, "If Jupiter to speak Greek, I would speak in the dialect of Plato," and he who called him the "Homer of Philosophy." He was particularly careful in compiling a unity of authenticity in his writings. His genuine productions are all acknowledged by readers of a similar disposition—by those who were inquisitive and enthusiastic rather than indifferent and careless. After the death of Socrates, he was persecuted by many, and he thought it safe to leave, it was no necessary to keep in sight that the of truth "destruction," in regard to Plato. However, one might esteem poetry, we required demonstrative evidence in philosophy. An extract from the Quarterly Review was here read, and the lecturer argued that the Greek philosophers were not a race of fools.

"Truth of mind is of sufficient worth,
Nor needs the dress of art to set it forth."

Truth was God's image—veiled, not in darkness, but in living light. In his worship we were not to shadows, but the light of day—except, indeed, those shadows which God cast from his own works, in the form of his throne.

Plato passed eight years with Socrates, and was not thirty at his master's death. After alluding to Pythagoras—the founder of the Italic school—observed that while with Dionysius, he attempted to introduce his system, and to promote rational liberty; but in both he appeared to be equally foiled, chiefly because of the impatient of present injustice to wait for sure results. He sank calmly down to sleep, and awoke in a new life that was immortal.

Pythagoras was born at Samos, 577 B.C. He visited Egypt, where he was initiated into some of the mysteries of the priests; Chaldea, where he studied math, and India, where he conversed with the most eminent teachers of medicine. Having these means of information, and directed with his mind, he founded the metempsychosis. He founded a school or society at Crotona, but it was rather like a philosophical, than a political one. He appeared for he aimed at establishing a government, under the political supremacy of his sect. This sect was afterwards a powerful one, and its philosophy obliged to fly for their lives; but not until they had extended their tenets over Magna Grecia, where it was generally received by the Italian cities.

Pythagoras borrowed much of his philosophy probably from the sacerdotal colleges of Egypt. It was a fond idea of men to suppose that the gods—if they were the best qualified to conduct a government—but in very truth, it was an error. A government of philosophers would be a form of government of the wisest—of those who think and write do so for their living, and they would soon give themselves large salaries—and a government of learning would be worse than an aristocracy of wealth or of blood. The best form of government was our own, where no one class was permitted to monopolize the administration.

Nothing human was perfect; but although there might be some confusion in the process of formation, yet in the results we had all we could reasonably ask for. Pythagoras was not a philosopher as possible. The gods he supposed and directed them. He also taught that there was a lifetion Soul of the world.

The Soul had been under whatever the doctrine of the Trinity was found in Plato. There certainly was a kind of Trinity in the writings of that philosopher, but nothing approaching to the Christian Trinity. First, there was a Supreme Intelligence, which may be called—God. Secondly, the Demiurgus or Logos. Thirdly, the Soul of the Universe. The Supreme Mind formed a second intelligence to the other two, that is why he called a Trinity, but not of equality. It may rather be termed three forms of existence.

A most remarkable feature of his system, was his doctrine of Ideas. He held that there were actual existences, and that these archetypes of ideas were also divine; and that these archetypes of ideas were also divine; and that it was by a participation of the Supreme Mind that persons in general possessed ideas. Ideas were innate ideas in our own minds, that we knew a thing to be true. Thus we saw, we listened we saw, a circle. Now, that it was impossible that we could have seen the true circle was the paradigm in our own minds, by which we compared and judged it. Plato illustrated this doctrine by the allegory of the cave. After the death of his master, he went through Greece; also to Egypt, where he obtained much knowledge from the Egyptians and other philosophers of the east. He returned here with Dionysius the younger, king of Syracuse. And after being of essential service to that monarch, his love of justice drew upon him the most serious troubles.

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